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August, 1958 - 25c

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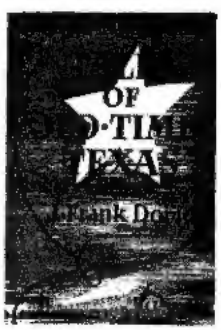

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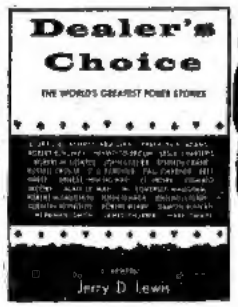

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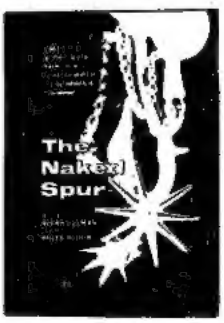

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Coming Up!

THERE'S an unwritten law among magazine editors not to give away mystery stories in advance, so we'll just say that Sven Skaar's "Incredible Mystery of the Golden Lake" is one of the best lost treasure yarns we've ever published. The period is shortly after the Donner Tragedy, of which Mr. Skaar wrote so memorably in *Frontier Times;* the locale is the rugged mountains of Northern California. Nuf sed!

Dr. E. R. Harrington takes time out from writing controversial articles on lost mines to contribute a picture-story on old Tombstone. Plenty of photos, enlivened by the doc's wryly humorous text.

One of J. Frank Dobie's inimitable short articles is next in line—a piece on Ed Schieffelin's discovery of the fabulous gold and silver mines that made Tombstone one of the most famous mining camps of the Old West, and of Ed's eventual downfall and lonely death—still prospecting. Like the fabled John Henry of folklore fame, Ed died "with a hammer in his hand." But, unlike John Henry, he died after finding another rich gold strike—a strike that was to do him no good at all.

"The Deseret Alphabet," by Sam Weller and Ken Reid, is another of *True West's* popular off-trail articles. This piece tells of the Mormon phonetic alphabet and the remarkable men who devised it. Complete with unusual photographs.

"Take Your Aim—And Aim!" by Lew Smith, illustrates the basic requirement of successful gunfighting. Ben Thompson, the notorious Texas gunman and gambler, coolly demonstrates this Rule Number One for staying alive yourself while getting your opponents, in this brief, vivid write-up of a saloon gunfight in Austin, Texas.

"World's Weirdest Rodeo," by Swede Anderson, is just what the title implies. It is the story of Tex Austen's invasion of England with his rodeo troupe back in 1924. The skeptical Londoners gave Tex and his boys the silent treatment for awhile, but were soon thawed out. A cockney steeplechase rider tackling an American bronc and a rugged bulldogger from the Panhandle flopping a wild steer from the Scotch Highlands features this fast-moving yarn.

M. F. Rose, a professional gold seeker, was moved to write his experiences for TW, when he read Dr. Harrington's blast at lost mines. "I found a lost mine," wrote Mr. Rose—and proceeds to prove it in his article of the same name. This will be the first part of a fascinating series by this author.

"Chuckwagon Chuckles," by Mark Trey who wrote "Sourdough Fixin's," is the long-overdue story of the range cook. Told in Mr. Trey's rollicking style, it will bring a reminiscent smile to the face of many an old-timer. Mark Trey writes from first-hand experience.

"I Saw Black Jack Hanged," is an eyewitness account of the most gruesome hanging the West ever witnessed. It took quite a spell for spectators of that macabre event to get to sleep nights. You'll understand why when you read the article by T. Romero, one of Black Jack Ketchum's guards on the grim and gloomy day of the execution.

(Continued on page 48)

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Truly Western

Old-timers' Corral

Howdy, Podners:

I got the copy of *True West* I missed. She's sure a good one this time. However, there is one gent got me balled up—this here Russell Pace. Here I thought all along we were *getting* stories on the Old West in TW. It says *True West* on the cover and I figured it meant what it says. Then along comes this Pace feller and puts a doubt in my pore old mind. A mean trick, I call it.

Of course, some TW yarns sound like they got stretched a mite, but I liked 'em just the same. (Of course, nothing is good if it's stretched too far.) Now, Brother Pace don't say what he wants TW stories to be west *of*. I guess he means anything west of the Mississippi. Thinking it over, there seems to me a lot of foolishness in some of the beefs in "Truly Western." You take this Joseph G. Rosa for instance. Joe is bellyaching because Calamity Jane was a hermaphrodite. None of *his* business what church she belonged to! And old Rocky Bill Colton, J. M. Mapes, George Hart and the rest of 'em! They all claim they know what they're talking about and they can *prove* it. Mebbe so, mebbe so—but until they do, ol' Orval here will just regard 'em as so much prairie breeze. Lots o'fun if you don't get all steamed up and take 'em seriously. Hell, I'm too old and ornery to take anything seriously anymore!

'Nother thing. On page 25 of the April issue, in Norm Wiltsey's "Death On The North Plains," there is a slip-up. Sitting Bull is not in that photo at all. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail are there all right, but not Bull. That looks like John Grass. Check up and see if I ain't right. Anyhow it is a good picture and I am going to keep it. I've got a good picture of Sitting Bull, but I'm going to hang on to it. Afraid I might lose it if I sent it down to you fellers. I got a kick out of the picture of White Bull on page 27. He's sure got a well developed smeller and looks like he's sniffin' something mighty unpleasant. I collect pictures of all them old-timers . . .

Such stories as "Death On The North Plains" and "Outlaw Exterminators, Inc.," are each worth the price of the magazine. Tom Bailey come up with a new twist on the outlaw yarn. Most of them good stories get found under a rock by an old buffalo hunter or something; Tom dug this one out of his wife's hatbox! As far as I'm concerned, he can keep on digging that kind of stories out of her hatbox any time he wants to.—Orval Bryan, P. O. Box 564, Marland, Oklahoma.

Modern Pioneers

Dear Norm:

I just had to write and say what a wonderful magazine you folks have. My husband and I are both ardent readers of *True West*. We love everything about the West and the grand old pioneers who founded it. It is with regret that I inform you of the passing of a great old-timer, Frank "Pistol Pete" Eaton. He passed away April 7 at ninety-seven years of age. We have sat many times listening to him tell of the happenings in the good old days. I do hope you will have a story on him in TW soon. He was founder and past president of the Cherokee Strip Cow Punchers' Association. We are proud to have been quite closely associated with this fast fading group of old-timers. I only wish that you could get their story on paper before they are all gone.

I know you will be interested to know that my husband and I have a yoke of oxen weighing a ton each. We work them to an original prairie schooner dated 1889. My husband has long hair and handlebar mustache and wears the square-toed mule-ear drovers' boots, and I dress in pioneer attire and slat bonnet.

The L. W. Wilson family of Anadarko, Oklahoma, and their 1889 prairie schooner.

Our young son also dresses the part. We exhibit at all kinds of celebrations, so we're in contact with lots of old-timers and hear some very interesting stories of the hardships they endured in opening the West to settlement.

Up until this past winter we had spent the five previous years with our prairie schooner, during which time we slept in our schooner and camped out summer and winter. The mattresses in the wagon are one hundred per cent curled horse hair. They are older than the wagon, still in excellent condition, and very comfortable.

Here's a request: How about a column keeping readers informed of the passing of the better known old-timers who helped blaze the trails across the West? We know quite a number of them personally, and there are several in our immediate territory. Pistol Pete is gone, but Rolla Goodnight, who was raised on the Goodnight spread, is still with us although, of course, quite old now. Billy McGinty, another old-timer and one of the original Roosevelt Rough Riders, is still alive. Billy was also a top performer with the Buffalo Bill Show and, I believe, was the first man to hold the title of World's Champion Bronc Peeler.

I think a column of this kind would help in keeping a condensed record of the lives and passing of these colorful old-timers as they are called to the Last Roundup. What's your opinion?

Incidentally, my husband wants to know if anything has happened to Randy Steffen. We haven't seen or heard anything of him lately. *Adios, amigos* and best of luck to all of you.—Mrs. L. W. (Smoky) Wilson, a twentieth century pioneer, Box 364, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Thanks, Ma'am, for your nice letter and that great photograph. Your idea of a column on the old-timers might work out when and if we get more space. Right now we're so cramped, it's a job to find room for all the regular departments and articles. Tell your hubby that Randy had a very serious operation some months ago but has recovered nicely. He has, however, pulled up stakes and moved from Texas to Nevada—just where, we don't know as yet. Mail sent to his old address at Rt. 4, Cisco, Texas, will undoubtedly be forwarded if you or any of his friends care to write to him. Be nice if you dropped him a friendly note, he'd sure appreciate it.

Dear Joe:

You want to know what kind of a mag we want. I can only say what I think. I am an old man and what I like, younger people wouldn't care for. I love the Old West. Would have liked to have kept it as it was, for it was wonderful country and wonderful people came to live here and make homes for themselves and family. My father settled in Western Kansas just after the Civil War. He knew the Earps, Hickok and their like and has told me about them. I have met some of the later ones myself. Talk about peace officers—bah, they were a bunch of no-good hired killers! Let us forget, if possible, about them. There are plenty of interesting things and people to write about. I can't tell you how to run your paper, but keep on—you're doing fine. The only kick I have is that the mag is too small and too far between editions. But you will grow in time, I am sure. *Adios*, and best of luck to the whole staff.—A. A. McCutchan, Box 44, Eufala, Oklahoma.

Dear Joe and all the rest at the Home Corral:

After rereading your answer several times to the gentle digs of the way you handle Truth, I just can't help but poke my bill in and congratulate you on your plain Truth and talk.

Joe, you got an old hoss saddled now that's going to be hard to ride, in fact, some have lost their lives trying to ride old Truth. History tells us many in the past were persecuted, some burned at the stake and some even crucified, so Buddy, you're damn lucky you're not

(Continued on page 40)

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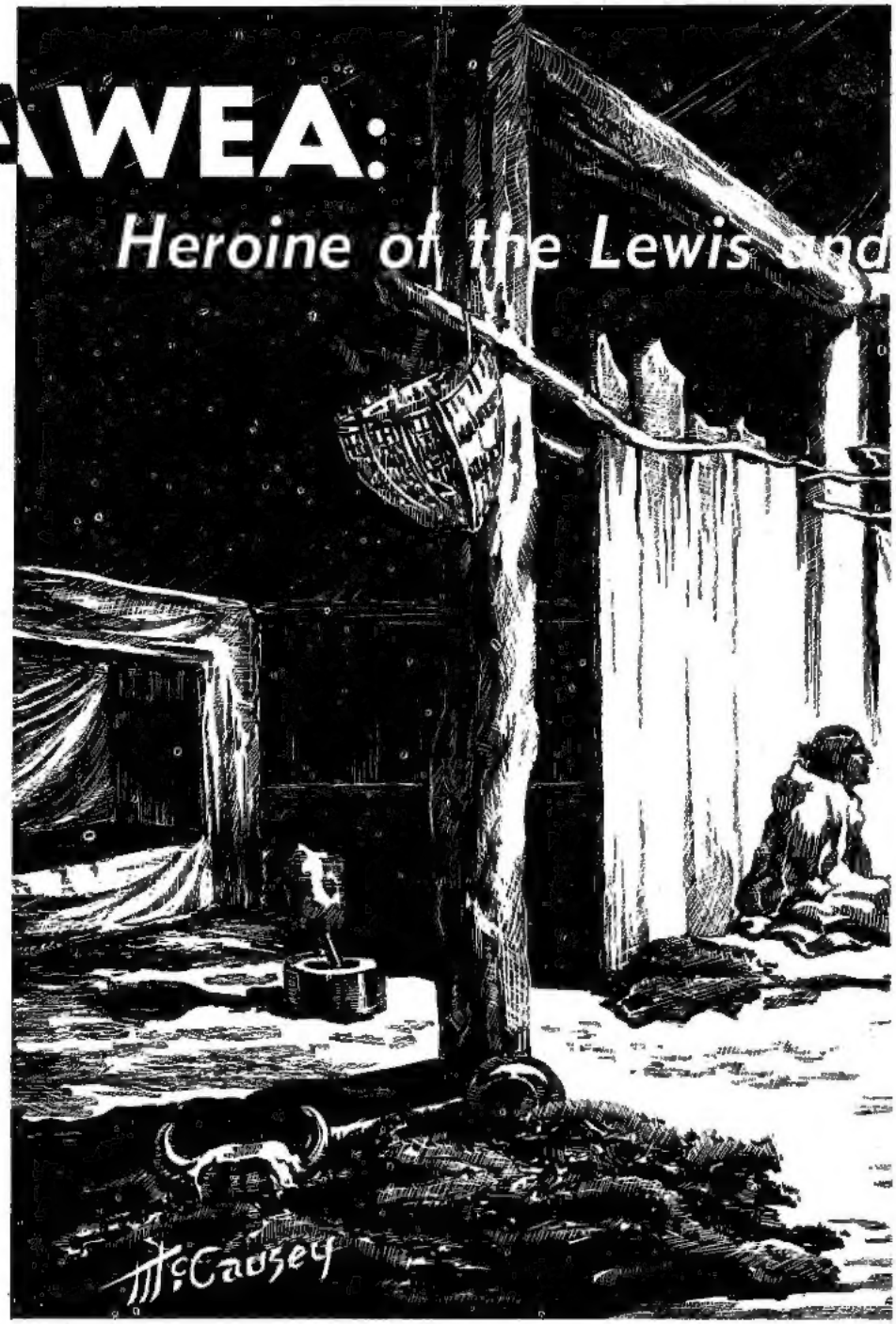
SACAJAWEA:

Heroine of the Lewis and

Of all the storied women of the Old West, she occupies a unique place

By R. F. KAROLEVITZ



Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

THE hunting party of Shoshone Indians was encamped at the three forks of the Missouri River in what is now Montana. They had come across the mountains and onto the prairie from their home in the Lemhi Valley of Idaho in search of buffalo to sustain them through the coming winter.

Already the Shoshone braves had mounted their wiry little ponies for another day of hunting, while the women and children busied themselves around the campsite.

Suddenly a shot rang out, and then a spine-chilling yell echoed across the river. The Shoshone camp became a scene of complete confusion as out of the brush charged a screaming band of Gros Ventre Indians, intent on protecting their prairie hunting grounds from the poachers from over the mountains. The suddenness of the attack caught the Shoshones totally unprepared. The braves dashed up the river's edge on horseback, leaving four dead in their wake. Meanwhile, the women and children scattered into the willows and other scrub growth along the river, many of them falling under the onslaught of the enemy attack.

One of the Shoshones, a girl in her early teens, splashed into the river and tried to ford her way across the stream. She had gone but a few yards when a painted Gros Ventre brave galloped into the water and scooped her up onto his horse. That brave was Red Arrow and the girl was Sacajawea, the Bird Woman who would one day earn herself a revered place in American history.

But Red Arrow had no thoughts of American history as he pulled the thrashing girl from the water. Neither did she look the part of one who would lead Lewis and Clark on their famous expedition to the Pacific but a few years later.

Almost as quickly as it had begun, the attack subsided. The Gros Ventres rounded up their prisoners and made ready for the trip back to their village. Red Arrow had in his custody not only Sacajawea but also her friend Otter Woman whom he had captured in the mad flight to escape. At last the party moved down the river and started the trek to the junction of the Knife River with the Missouri where the Gros Ventres made their home.

Sacajawea and Otter Woman were taken into the lodge of Red Arrow as his slaves, and the second step in the long series of events which was to make the Bird Woman historically prominent was about to begin.

FRENCH-CANADIAN fur trappers were plying the Missouri in greater and greater numbers at that time. One of these men was Toussaint Charbonneau, a swarthy *voyageur* who had married a Gros Ventre squaw and who was often a guest in Red Arrow's lodge. It was some time after the raid on the Shoshones that Charbonneau and Red Arrow were visiting in the latter's tepee. During the course of the visit, they began to play hide-the-bone, a tribal gambling game which was to take Sacajawea even closer to her destiny. Charbonneau was lucky that day, and before the game was over, he had claimed both Sacajawea and Otter Woman as his winnings.

While this was going on, events of great historical significance were happening elsewhere. President Jefferson's emissaries had completed the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France for fifteen million dollars on April 30, 1803, and the President was anxious to send an expedition through the region to see whether he'd gotten a bargain. For that purpose funds were allotted, and Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were assigned to the mission.

All this was beyond the knowledge of Charbonneau and the Gros Ventres, but on October 26, 1804, the Lewis and Clark expedition arrived at the Mandan Indian villages near the site of the present city of Bismarck, North Dakota. Charbonneau was looking for a diversion from the fur trade when the news of the white explorers reached him. With his wives he left immediately for the Mandan villages, arriving on November 4, 1804. Lewis and Clark hired him as an inter-

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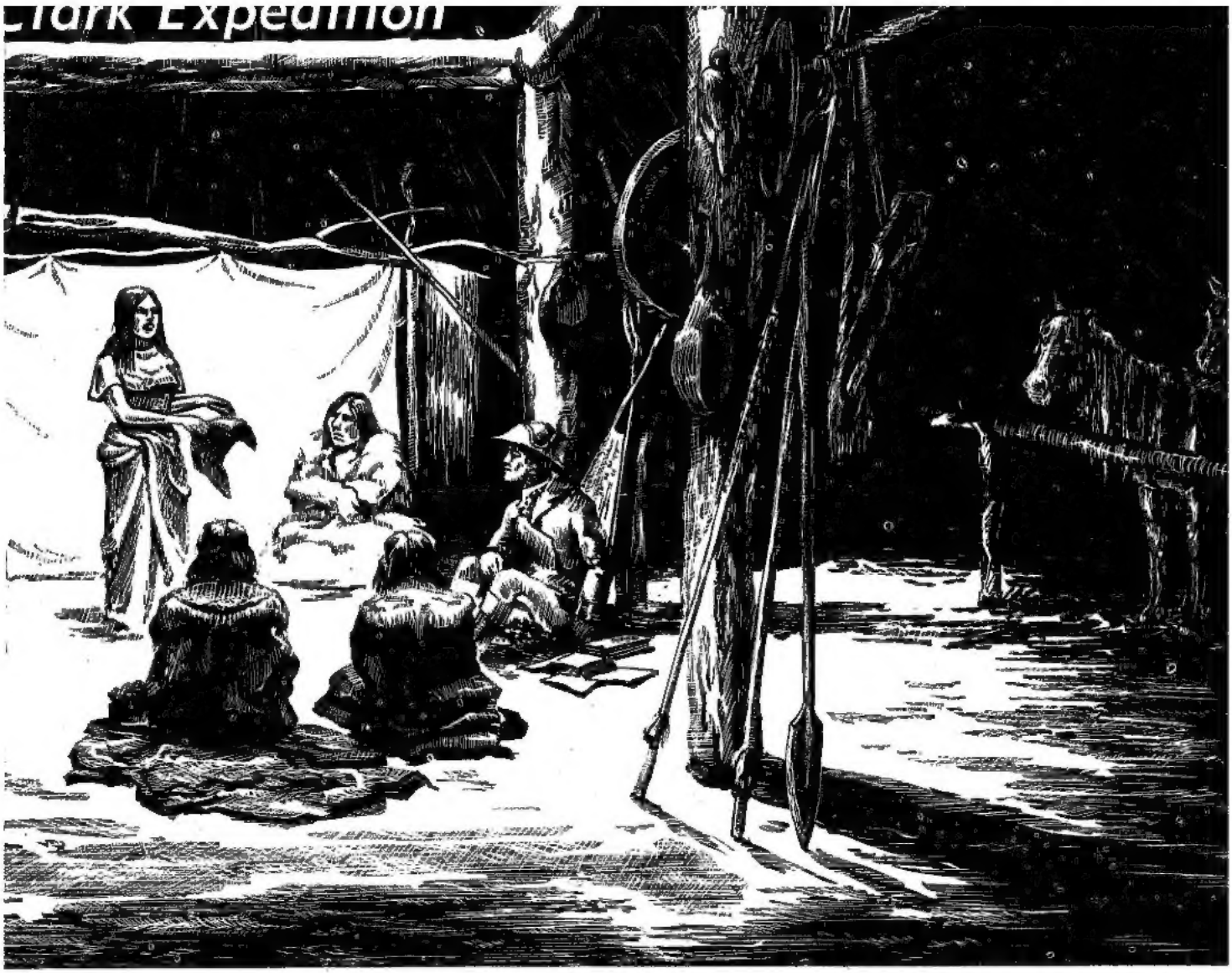

At the Mandan village it became known Sacajawea had been over the trail they were to follow. It was decided she should guide the party.

preter, not realizing at the time that they were indirectly hiring a much more valuable aide for their journey.

The expedition settled down for the winter, building huts and stockades, making boats, mending clothes, jerking meat and studying the languages, habits and customs of the Indians. Sacajawea is not mentioned in the journals of the explorers all during the winter until February 11, 1805. On that day the twenty-year-old girl was suffering terribly during the birth of her first child. Mr. Jessaume of the expedition told Captain Lewis that he had often administered to persons in her situation a small dose of the rattle of a rattlesnake which had never failed to hasten delivery.

Hurriedly, several rattles were located. Jessaume crumbled two of the rings and mixed them with water. This mixture he gave to the suffering Indian woman who, within ten minutes, gave birth to a healthy son. The boy was named Jean Baptiste, and he was to travel almost four thousand miles on his mother's back in the succeeding two years.

In the early spring Charbonneau sought to break his contract with the explorers so that he could enter the service of the Northwest Company. That would have left the expedition without an interpreter just before departure time. It was because of Sacajawea's pleading and scolding that he changed his mind and apologized to the two captains.

During this time it became known that both Sacajawea and Otter Woman had been over much of the trail that the expedition was to follow. Since Otter Woman was pregnant, the captains insisted that she should remain behind. Sacajawea, meanwhile, had regained her strength sufficiently, and it was decided that she should accompany the party both as a guide and as an interpreter amongst the Indians farther west.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of April 17, 1805, two expeditions left the Mandans. One returned to St. Louis with letters to President Jefferson and with furs, stuffed and live animals, bones, articles of Indian dress, bows, arrows, and other articles. The other, with thirty-two members in six canoes, turned toward the uncharted northwest.

ALMOST from the beginning, Sacajawea became a valuable part of the entourage. Before they had gone far, a sudden squall came up and one of the canoes became swamped. In it were the papers, instruments, books, medicine and other indispensable articles for the trip. In the confusion that followed, Sacajawea maintained her composure enough to rescue most of the important materials before they were washed away. In recognition of this service, the explorers named a river after her several days later.

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Left: Famous portrait of Capt. Clark, from Thwaites' "Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition." Center: Cowboy artist C. M. Russell's sketch of a proposed monument (never erected) to be built along the Missouri River in Montana. Right: Heroic statue of Capt. Lewis, at Columbia, Missouri. Photos courtesy Montana Magazine.

But Sacajawea was a worry to the party, too. On June 10 she fell seriously ill. Fear for her and her small child caused considerable anxiety amongst the men of the expedition. In an effort to save her life, Captain Clark himself bled her. On June 13, they reached the Great Falls of the Missouri with the Indian woman still showing little sign of recovery. That night Captain Lewis wrote in his diary:

"This (her illness) gave me some concern, as well as for the poor object herself, then with a young child in her arms, as from her condition of her being our only dependence for a friendly negotiation with the Shoshone Indians, on whom we depend for horses to assist us in our portage from the Missouri to the Columbia River."

His concern was short-lived, however, as a week later the Bird Woman recovered completely. She gave them another scare, though, when she ate a great quantity of dried fish and green apples and, as might be expected, suffered a relapse. It took her still another week to recover from that illness.

On July 28, 1805, the expedition reached a camp on the Jefferson River, one mile above its confluence with the Madison. Here, Sacajawea pointed out, was the precise spot that the Gros Ventres had surprised her and her people five years ago. Though she searched the area with remembering eyes, she displayed no sign of emotion at the scene of her capture by Red Arrow.

The party plied on westward, as each day they looked more hopefully for signs of the Shoshone tribe. Their need for horses was imperative since without them much of their gear would have to be cached before crossing the mountains.

Then on August 17 one of the most dramatic episodes of the journey took place. The main body of the expedition came upon the village of the Shoshones, and the reunion of Sacajawea with her people took place.

As the Bird Woman advanced to seek out her family, she was embraced by Leaping Fish Woman, another girl who had been captured by the Gros Ventres but who had later escaped. Finally she was met by her brother, Chief Cameahwait, who added to the emotions of the reunion by telling her that all her family was dead except for himself and two small nephews. According to tribal custom Sacajawea adopted one of these nephews, Bazil, the son of her eldest sister. Bazil was left behind with Chief Cameahwait, and it was thirty-five years later before he would be reunited with his foster-mother.

Sacajawea's homecoming was not without complication, however. Before she had been captured by the Gros Ventres, her father had sold her into marriage with one of the men of the tribe. This warrior was still living, and though he was double her age and had two other wives, he came forward to claim Sacajawea. It wasn't until he learned that she was the mother of another man's child that he relinquished his hold on her and the incident was closed.

It was soon afterwards that Sacajawea played her most important role in the historical journey. She learned that her brother had summoned all the Indians of the region to join him for the annual buffalo hunt on the Missouri. Knowing this would take all the available horses, Sacajawea implored him to delay the

(Continued on page 28)

Famous painting by Dean Cornwell commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Setting is probably on the Missouri River below the Mandan villages.

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Illustrated by Harry Hartley

Sometimes the difference between life and death in a gun fight is mighty slight—sometimes only

half an inch of dirt

By MARC PETERSON

IN APRIL, 1892, the big cattlemen of Wyoming recruited a small army of gunfighters—mostly Texans—and invaded the Powder River country, heart of the rustlers' domain. Fed up with bold cattle thievery, they were grimly determined upon a campaign of wholesale extermination—shooting down each rustler as they caught up with him. The gang pulled out of Casper on April 6, headed north for Buffalo, county seat of Johnson County.

While resting at the Tisdale Ranch on the South Fork of the Powder, Mike Shonsey, foreman for the Western Union Beef Company, rode in with exciting news. Nate Champion and Nick Ray, suspected rustler leaders, were holed up for the night in their cabin at the KC Ranch on the Middle Fork of the Powder. Early next morning the invaders had the cabin surrounded. Nick Ray was shot down from ambush when he stepped outside to cut kindling wood for the stove; Nate Champion was later burned out and killed after putting up a valiant fight.

Before the invading army could reach Buffalo, they were themselves surrounded by an angry mob of Buffalo citizens and small farmers and forced into barricade at the TA Ranch on Crazy Woman Creek, twelve miles south of Buffalo. After a three-day siege, in which no quarter was asked or given, the invaders were rescued by U. S. Cavalry from nearby Fort McKinney and safely escorted to Cheyenne to await trial. Since nobody could be found to testify against them and also since Johnson County was too broke to prosecute them, they were set free. Thus nobody ever paid for the killing of Nick Ray and Nate Champion.

After being released from jail, Mike Shonsey and his wife moved to Converse County, adjacent to Johnson County. In May, 1893, they were living quietly at the 77 Ranch on Lance Creek.

Nate Champion had a younger brother, Dud, who had the reputation of being a badman. Dud was sure that Mike Shonsey had killed his brother at the KC, even though Mike had always sworn that he had been half a mile away at the time, helping the wranglers get horses. It was inevitable that sooner or later Mike Shonsey and Dud Champion would shoot it out in gunsmoke.

A week before his encounter with Mike, Dud had been found hiding near the Ogallah Ranch of W. C. Irvine, a prominent member of the invasion. Dud asked the two cowboys who surprised him where he could find Mr. Irvine. He admitted his identity, hinting that he was out to get some of the men responsible for his brother's death.

Seven days later young David D. Mathews, up from Texas, drove his trail herd of steers into a pasture about four miles west of the 77 Ranch. Mathews and Mike Shonsey had never met before, yet Mike rode out to offer him the hospitality of the range. He pointed out the best location for the herd and told Mathews that he and his men could rest at his place for a day or two.

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was low in the southwest. As Mathews and Shonsey continued to talk, a stranger was observed talking to a couple of the trail drivers back at the chuckwagon. Curious, the boys asked him a few questions but got little information. They noted that his horse looked as though it had been ridden without much rest for several days. They also noticed a Sharps rifle in his saddle scabbard. The cowboys concluded that he was riding through the country, though he carried no bedroll or provisions.

Riding away from the chuckwagon, the stranger and the two cowboys neared the spot where Mathews and Shonsey were talking. Suddenly the stranger spoke, staring hard at Shonsey: "I believe I know that man!" He spurred his horse to a lope.

Mike noticed the approaching rider, but—since he was looking into the setting sun—he could not recognize him. However, as the rider drew near, he pulled his hat down over his eyes as though in an attempt at disguising himself until he got into close quarters. Mike could see that his six-shooter had been removed from its holster and stuck in behind the heavy belt. Recognizing the

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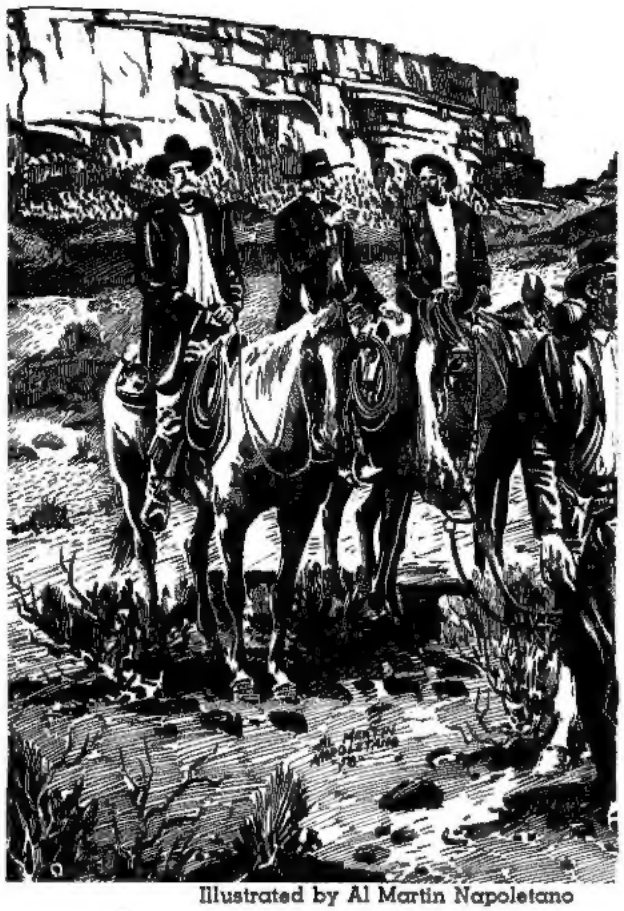
One of the great Western storytellers spins fact and legend into a revealing human document about a famous badman of the Old West

THE ROBINHOODING OF SAM BASS



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Editor's Note: Ramon F. Adams' definitive bibliography of books and pamphlets on Western gunmen and outlaws, Six Guns & Saddle Leather, accords Sam Bass the honor (or dishonor) of more than 100 citations. Only the James Brothers and Billy the Kid appear to outdo him as one of the most-written-of-desperadoes. And he runs ahead of or even with Calamity Jane, Joe Slade, Henry Plummer, and with such fast-drawin' gents as Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Joaquin Murietta and Cole and Bob Younger.

Regarding the author, few men have researched on things Western with deeper sensitivity, more infinite care and comprehension and then wrapped it all up with more delightful, vivid and pungent prose, than has J. Frank Dobie, the Texas sage. A few of his fine books are Coronado's Children, Tongues of the Monte, The Longhorns, The Mustangs, Voice of the Coyote, and one yet to be finished and published, which intrigues us deeply, on C. M. Russell.

IN JULY, 1978, it will be a hundred years since Sam Bass, at the age of twenty-seven, met his fate at Round Rock, where he and his gang were preparing to rob a bank. He remains the best known of all Texas badmen and the best liked. While he was dying he said to inquisitors of the law, "It's agin my profession to blow on my pals. If a man knows anything he ought to die with it in him." So far as the records go, he never killed anybody until the end.

A deputy sheriff named Caige Grimes walked up to Sam Bass in a store at Round Rock and asked him for his pistol.

"I'll let you have both of them," Sam Bass said.

Before the deputy could draw he was dead. He left three little children. They and their descendants have never regarded Sam Bass as a knight of goodness and generosity. The people in stage coaches and trains that he robbed did not knight him either. It has never been the victims who made sympathetic songs about outlaws. Stories about Sam Bass by people of adverse feelings seem not to persist. What people like to believe does.

As the ballad goes, "a kinder hearted feller you seldom ever see." What follows here is mostly anecdotes by people who liked Sam Bass. They, more than biographies, have kept Sam's name green; they and that ballad—swifter and vivider in detail than any ballad about any other frontier notable.

Sam Bass had been in Texas only six years when Rangers killed him. He had been an outlaw on the dodge only ten months. He had spent most of the time around Denton, specializing in horse racing.

Sam used to coin the money, he spent it just as free;
He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

In the spring of 1877 he rode down to San Antonio and threw in with Joel Collins. They bought a small herd of cattle on credit, drove them up the trail, and somewhere north of Dodge City sold out for cash. They soon spent all the money in riotous living and then got their names on the map by robbing, in Nebraska, a Union Pacific express train carrying California gold. Each of six robbers took $10,000 in freshly minted twenty-dollar gold pieces. They split up and

Sam made it back to Texas, all right side up with care.
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to share.

In the months following, his reputation for light-hearted generosity began to grow into legend. Now he had something to be generous with—something that did not belong to him. He and his followers made a few poor-paying train holdups in north Texas. He tipped the porters and brakemen—so people said. The Rangers were after him; the people were for him. He had not been robbing people—unless they happened to be on board a train he stopped. He had been robbing corporations. Going into a town to buy supplies became increasingly risky. He was on the dodge, covering lots of country; he had to take, and when he took he put those twenty-dollar gold pieces into circulation.

SOMETIMES Sam was sorely pressed for grain for his horses and food for his men. One morning a farmer named Hoffman missed some shelled corn out of his crib. It had been carried off in a sack with a little hole in it. Hoffman trailed the grains until he saw he was approaching a camp known to be occupied by the Bass gang. He turned back home. A few days later Bass saw him, and, handing him a twenty-dollar gold piece, explained, "I had to have some corn in a hurry the other night."

One morning a woman on a farm on Elm Creek was alone in the house when Bass and his men rode up.

"Do you have anything cooked?" Sam asked.

"No."

"Well, we are terribly hungry. We haven't eaten anything for some time.

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Sam Bass's company rode up and Bass introduced himself by name and asked if the merchant had any whiskey.

Would you cook us a snack?"

"Nobody ever left this place hungry yet," the woman said.

She flew in and cooked a big bait of biscuits, eggs, bacon, and coffee, to which were added butter and molasses. After eating heartily, Sam Bass, hat off, asked "How much do we owe you?"

"Nothing."

"Many thanks. Let's ride, boys." But as Sam passed out, he placed two twenty-dollar gold pieces in the farm woman's hand.

In 1927, the proprietor of an ancient-looking plank hotel at Van Horn was an old-time Texan named Jackson from Denton County. He was a great admirer of Sam Bass, and one winter night while he and I and Asa Jones sat by the wood stove that warmed the hotel lobby he regaled us with stories of the daring good outlaw. Sam, he said, was sandy-haired, kept a sandy moustache well-trained, and habitually wore a grin that showed sandy-hued teeth. He was good nature itself.

One time, Jackson, then just a kid, and his small brother were carrying a bucket of water apiece from the well to their house when they were overtaken by Sam Bass and his crowd. "Give us a drink, kids," Sam said. The boys had a gourd, and they proudly ladled out water. Bass noticed that Jackson's brother was crippled with rheumatism, and as he started to ride away he pitched the cripple four silver dollars. He was headed toward a neck of woods.

He had hardly got out of sight when a posse of law-bringers led by Riley Wetsel came fogging up. "Clear out, kids," Riley yelled. "There's going to be a battle." Of course the kids did not clear out. A battle was what they wanted above all else. They climbed up on a stake-and-rider fence to watch half the law-bringers go on one side of the neck of woods and half on the other, both parties shooting into the woods. One of the crossfire bullets hit Riley in the leg. He thought Sam Bass had killed him, but by that time Sam was far away.

SAM BASS was a fool about good horses. One time Rangers raided a little pasture where the fine horses belonging to the outlaw gang were kept. For several days the Rangers paraded those horses around, keeping them in a livery stable at night. The stable was across the road from where the Jacksons lived.

"I woke up one morning hearing voices," Jackson said. "I thought I recognized Kid McCoy's. He was one of the Bass men and rode the best looking horse in the outfit. I ran to the window and peeped out. The livery doors were wide open and there Sam Bass, Kid McCoy and other men were pulling saddles off some little, sorry ponies and saddling up their own horses. It did not take them long to change. Then they came out of the stable yard hellety-split, yelling like Comanches and emptying their six-shooters into the air. Shirt tails were dodging behind every door in town. My father was a very quiet religious man -never even said *doggone*. 'My, those boys are making a great disturbance,' he said."

If Sam Bass never killed a man, it wasn't because he could not shoot. While galloping by a live oak tree near Belton, they say, he six-shootered his initials into it. A vendor of mounted horns from old-time Texas steers named Bertillion used to sell at fancy prices pairs of longhorns purported to be from steers that Sam Bass had shot down in night stampedes.

"One day," Shelton Story of Denton County used to remember, "a neighbor who had butchered a fat cow said he'd give me a dollar to carry a hindquarter to a certain spot in the Denton Creek bottom, deliver it to men camped there, and ask no questions. The meat was wrapped in an old slicker and I tied it behind my saddle. That saddle was the first new saddle I ever owned. The skirts were fancy stamped; it had long strings of tanned elkhide, and its creaking sounded sweeter to me than waltz music.

"Along in the middle of the afternoon I found the camp. Four men were there, all wearing six-shooters. I said I'd come to bring some meat. One asked me if Pete Lenoir had sent it. I said he had. 'Well, get down kid, and stay a while,' this man said. I didn't want to stay but got down to untie the old slicker.

"After I had delivered the beef, the man said, 'That's sure a fine saddle you're riding.'

"I agreed with him and was prouder than ever. Then he said, 'Kid, how about trading your saddle for mine?'

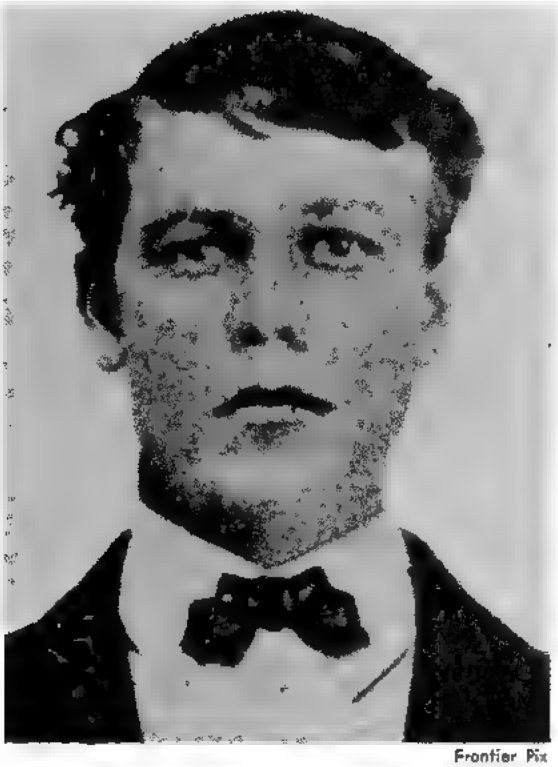
"I looked over at the old hull he pointed to. I looked at the six-shooters he and the other men were loaded down with and the saddle guns laying around in easy reach. I didn't have any say coming and I didn't say anything.

"After the saddles were changed, this man asked, 'Do you know who I am?'

" 'No.'

" 'Well, I'm Sam Bass.'

"I left with a heavy heart. I wasn't scared so much as I was just down at having lost my fine new saddle. If it had been left up to me, I'd not have put the old hull on my horse. I'd a left bareback. Sam Bass put his old saddle



Frontier Pix

Sam Bass at age 16.

on my horse and girted it up himself. The leather in it was fair and it had good saddle pockets, but it was coming apart. I felt I had been taken advantage of by the meanest, low-downest man in Texas.

"I rode on home. When I got down, I yanked that saddle off and threw it on the ground like I was trying to split the tree. When I did, I heard metal clink. I looked in a saddle pocket to see what it was. It was three twenty-dollar gold pieces; in the other pocket were three other pieces. Well, I bought a rig sure enough with all that money—new saddle, silver plated bit and spurs, Navajo blanket, fancy boots and leggins, everything."

IN the spring of 1878 a youth named Chunk Porter was clerking in a dry-goods store owned by a Mr. Cates in the little town of Kaufman. Early one morning, as he told hundreds of times in later years and as his descendants and others still tell, he had just opened the store and was sweeping the plank sidewalk in front of it when three strangers rode up on good horses. Two got down and walked into the store; the other remained mounted, looking up and down the roads. Chunk was alone at the store that day, his employer being sick in bed at home.

One of the strangers, pleasant-featured and pleasant-voiced, said he wanted to buy a suit of clothes. Chunk was able to fit him with the best grade of wool in stock. The purchaser handed over two twenty-dollar gold pieces and said he would put the new suit on now. Chunk went to the safe, which he had not yet opened, for change. After he had worked the combination, opened the door and pulled out a tray full of money, he became aware of the man in the new suit standing at his side.

"Son," the man said, "that is a good deal of money."

Chuck explained that the town had no bank, that their cash had to be sent by stage or taken in person to Terrell for banking, and that the illness of his employer had prevented his attending to that matter. The stranger advised him not to let everybody who came along see how much money the safe held, and then rode away. After Sam Bass was killed in Round Rock the clothes he wore were identified as having come from the Cates dry goods store in Kaufman.

Railroads, express companies, and the governor of Texas all offered rewards for the capture of Sam Bass, and these offers induced some citizens to join sheriff posses out to get the money. They were all fiascos. While the Sam Bass gang was dodging about the breaks on the Clear Fork of the Brazos in Stephens County, the sheriff set about organizing a posse. A settler named Hide who was proving up a section of land decided he'd join it and rode to the Caddo store to enlist another brave or two to go with him.

As he was dismounting with his artillery, a man carrying a sack of provisions from the store asked him where he was going.

"I'm going to hunt down Sam Bass," the settler replied.

"Then you don't need to go any farther. You've found him," the stranger said. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Nothing, I guess," Hide answered. There didn't seem to be anything else to say.

"How many children you got?" Sam Bass asked.

Hide told him. He had a big litter.

Sam went back into the store and brought out a dozen apples, a lot of candy, and a package of Arbuckle's coffee. "Take the candy and apples home to your children," he said. "When you get there make yourself a big pot of coffee and never tell a soul you have seen Sam Bass."

Hide waited thirty years to tell this story, he said.

ONE NIGHT soon after a train robbery by the Bass gang in the vicinity of Dallas, a deputy sheriff named Boyd from Denton County and several citizens ambitious for reward money were in a saloon at Pilot Point. None of the posse knew Sam Bass by sight, but they were full of plans for capturing him. Presently a stranger in the usual garb of range men walked in, glanced over the crowd, moved to the bar, and invited everybody up for a drink. Everybody accepted. After the stranger downed his whiskey he took a seat at a long table at the rear end of the room, his back to the wall and to one side of an open window. He asked for coffee and bread. Several of the men sat down at the table also, ordering coffee, Boyd opposite him.

The talk naturally drifted to the recent train robbery. Not in the least reticent, the stranger revealed a marked familiarity with circumstances attending it. Boyd was growing suspicious, but the stranger remained drawlingly calm. When the coffee came, he stirred his slowly and then asked Boyd to pass the plate of bread. Boyd was by now flustered. He seemed to feel that some action was expected of him as a peace officer. He paid no attention to the request. Rising, the stranger pulled his six-shooter, fired a bullet into the plate, scattering its contents over Boyd's lap. Then he stepped through the window. By the time the deputy and his posse got outside, Sam Bass had disappeared into the night. The country had another joke at the expense of Sam Bass hunters.

Most people who met Sam—and some who didn't—told of their encounters with pride. In one town that Sam had entered to buy ammunition he saw a sheriff and dodged into a dressmaker's shop. She had a mountain of ruffles on the floor; in those days, every dress was trimmed with yards and yards of ruffles. The dressmaker, recognizing Sam Bass, told him to get under the ruffles. He did. The sheriff came in and saw nothing that interested him. When she was a grandmother, the dressmaker used to end her story by saying, "Lots of folks loved Sam."

A peddler and auctioneer named Samuels didn't, but even he harbored no hard feelings. One time he and his teamsters driving three wagon-loads of merchandise to be auctioned off in Denton, had made camp when Sam Bass's company rode up. Bass introduced himself by name and asked if the merchant had any whiskey.

"We only have five gallons," Samuels told him.

"Well," Sam said, "we don't want to swim in it. All we want is a little to drink. Five gallons will satisfy us."

The Bass men made camp, put out a guard, helped themselves to food as well as whiskey, played poker a while, slept, and next morning breakfasted with their hosts. At parting Sam Bass was more than gracious in expressing appreciation for hospitality. "You'll probably see some Rangers this morning," he said. "When you do, tell 'em which way I went."

A FEW weeks before Sam's betrayal and death, a well-armed rider dismounted in front of Dr. Isaac Mayfield's little office in the village of Deanville, away east of the Bass gang's usual range. Young Doctor Mayfield was fresh out of medical school and eager for practice. His horse, saddled and bearing saddlebags loaded with a country doctor's full equipment, stood at the hitching post. The stranger said the doctor would have to make a considerable ride to get to a sick man. What kind of sickness, the doctor wanted to know.

"You'll see when you get there."

The stranger led over what passed for a road for about ten miles west and south of Yegua Creek, and then along a dim trail into the Yegua Thicket, still noted for the dense growth of youpon and other shrubs and trees. Then they came to a camp that had apparently been occupied for several days. Eight men were visible. Their leader did not give his name. He told the doctor that one of the men had a wounded leg. He lay on a pallet of blanket-covered moss.

The doctor uncovered him and saw that he had been shot through the fleshy part of the thigh and that gangrene was setting in. He called for a pot of boiling water. It was soon brought. He washed the bullet hole at entrance and exit and applied an antiseptic. Then he told the leader that he must probe in order to remove pus and needed some clean cloth. The leader went to his pack and brought several plain silk handkerchiefs, new and clean. The doctor had no narcotics to give the wounded man; anaesthetics were then unknown. "This is going to hurt," he said. "You all will have to hold him."

The men were all standing around, back out of the way. The leader said, "Boys, those new silk handkerchiefs are going to be pulled through the bullet hole, hurt or no hurt. Now let a man

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Lost Breyfogle Mine Found?

By DON ASHBAUGH

Map by Lowell Butler

Periodically the exciting rumor springs up all over the West—another lost mine found!

FOUND—Near Johnnie, Nevada, on the western slopes of Mt. Charleston, the long lost Breyfogle mine. Owner may reclaim property by describing it and proving ownership rights. Apply Nye County Recorder's office."

We might as well run this free ad in the *Review-Journal*. Prospectors, fortune hunters, geologists, authors and newspapermen have done everything else but run a classified ad in their search for this lost bonanza since that day in 1866 when Charlie Breyfogle stumbled back into civilization with a cracked head and a woozy memory.

The "Lost Breyfogle" ranks at the top among Western missing mines, right along with the "Lost Dutchman" and the "Lost Gunsight." There was sound reason for its popularity because Breyfogle, even after being clouted into mental haziness by an Indian juvenile delinquent, still had retained extremely rich samples of ore he had picked up.

The story of the fabulously rich "Lost Breyfogle" has been told in dozens of books, and in nearly every case the author has been just as lost with his facts and locations as the mine ever was. They have placed the various incidents of the story in different spots all over the map of southern Nevada and the Death Valley section.

But it seems that about all they have succeeded in doing was to compound rumor upon rumor and add new fables to the tale.

Credit for unearthing some solid sequential facts and putting the finger on an actual logical spot must in a large measure be given to my old friend and contemporary, Burr Belden of the San Bernardino *Sun*.

Let's look at these facts.

CHARLES C. BREYFOGLE, a fairly well educated man, had been a pioneer of the California gold rush. He had been elected assessor of Alameda County, in which Oakland is situated, and was serving in this post when the silver bonanzas of Nevada burst upon the national consciousness. He stayed hitched in his prosaic political job until 1864. Then he resigned and with his brothers, Joshua and Jacob, headed for the Reese River diggings. They found some fair looking float in the Toiyabes ten miles south of Austin and laid out a town site, built a hotel and sold off parcels of land to easterners who at that time would buy stock of any sort connected with the silver boom, sight unseen.

In California, Breyfogle had known one of the survivors of the famed Death Valley Forty-niners who told him of the legendary bit of ore which had been fashioned into a front sight for a rifle and proved later to be pure silver.

When the prospects at Geneva began to peter out, Breyfogle decided to come south and make a search for the Gunsight. He traveled with three fellows who had been tenants at his Geneva hotel. They followed the old trail past Silver Peak and via Lida and Tule Canyon and camped in Ash Meadows. Here, around a campfire, Breyfogle's companions told him for the first time that they didn't intend to do any prospecting; instead they were headed for Texas to enlist in the Confederate forces.

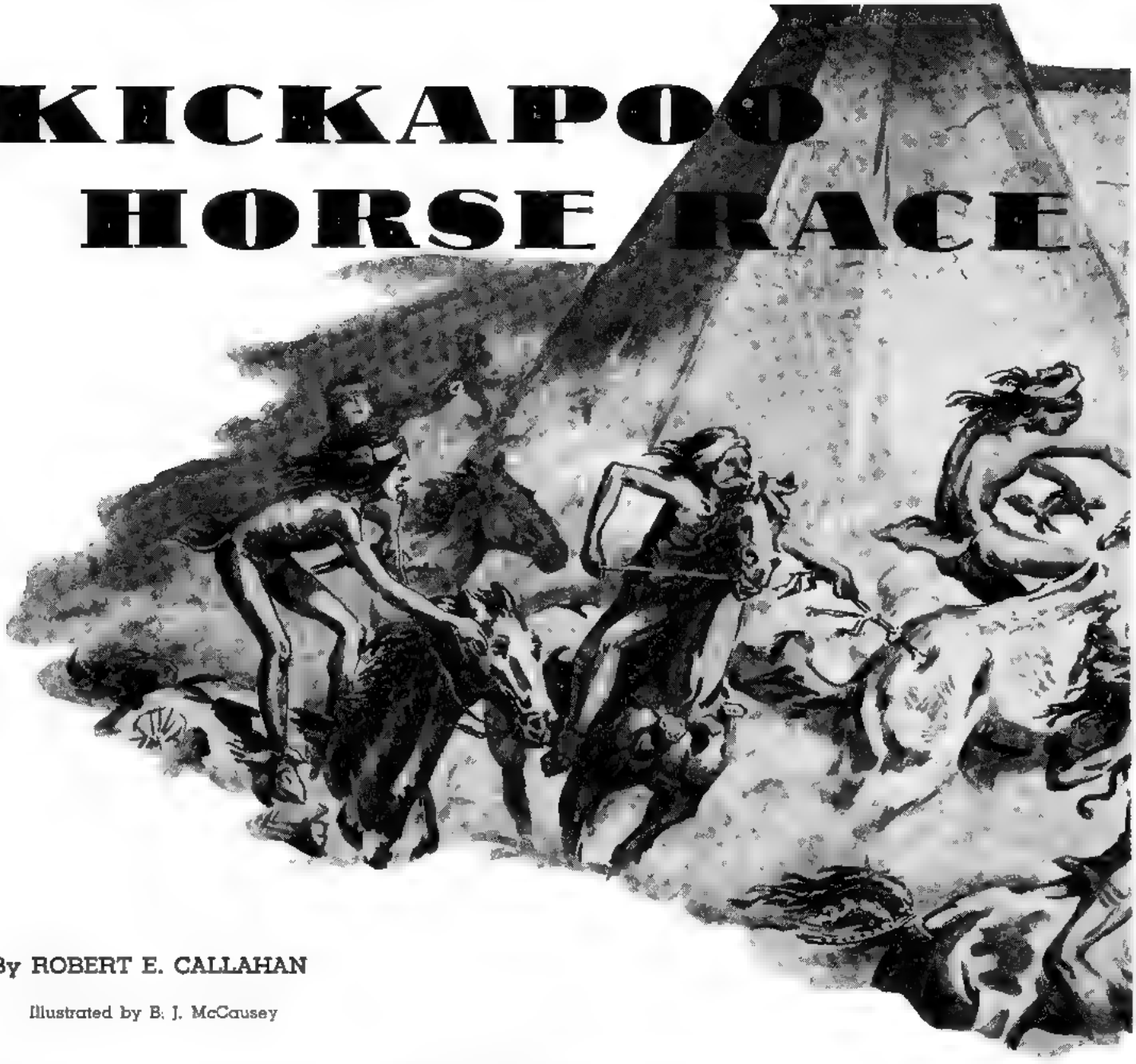
This was the first, and probably the last, conversation of any length Breyfogle had had with his companions and he apparently was pretty peeved about the turn of events. At any rate, the fact that he had decided to sleep apart from them probably saved his life, because Indians attacked during the night and killed the others. Breyfogle, hearing the commotion, grabbed his shoes and escaped in the dark. Without a canteen or gun he wandered across the rocky desert through the night. In the morning he found a small spring but his feet were so swollen after bathing them he couldn't get his boots on. He bound them in cloth, filled the boots with water to serve as improvised canteens, and headed southward seeking the Old Spanish, or Mormon Trail.

Near the end of the second day, almost delirious with thirst and without food since his escape, he stumbled upon Stump Springs—located on the old Yount's Hidden Ranch, now owned by Roland Wiley, Las Vegas attorney. At the spring he relaxed in the shade of a willow to recuperate his strength.

His wandering, twisting trail had led him over unexplored territory and somewhere along the way, even though dazed, he had noticed and picked up several pieces of "jewelry rock" and shoved them into his pocket.

(Continued on page 38)

KICKAPOO HORSE RACE



By ROBERT E. CALLAHAN

Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

LONG before race fans ever heard of of a Kentucky Derby, Kickapoo and other Indians rode eighty to one hundred horses in a single race. They rode without saddle or bridle, and as a good luck emblem each jockey held an object such as a prairie chicken, a turtle, or even a live snake in one hand as he raced around the course.

Unlike the race course of today, the Kickapoo race track was a mile square, with a huge white tepee set up at each corner of the course, and every rider had to encircle each tepee on his way around the course, reverse his pony at the end of each lap, race back and forth around the track four times and be riding in a different position every time he passed the starting line.

Indian tribes of long ago named their children in an unusual way. In one tribe a newborn baby was given the name of an animal or bird, in another tribe the name of some object the mother had seen in a dream; while among the Kickapoos the baby was called what its mother saw first after the baby was born. Dried Meat, Red Tail Rabbit, Lone Wolf, White Eagle, Big Honk, Yellow Porcupine and Buffalo Grass were typical names.

Willow Bird, the grandson of an old Kickapoo Chief, told us the story of the Kickapoo horse race.

IT was in 1540 that Spanish explorers, seeking the fabled seven golden cities of Cibola in what is now New Mexico, brought the first horses to America. After suffering many hardships and failing to find gold, the Spaniards returned to Spain, leaving their horses to roam the country at will. With the passing of time the herds increased to mammoth proportions, became wild, migrated to the timberland and open prairies, and the Indians knew nothing of their value.

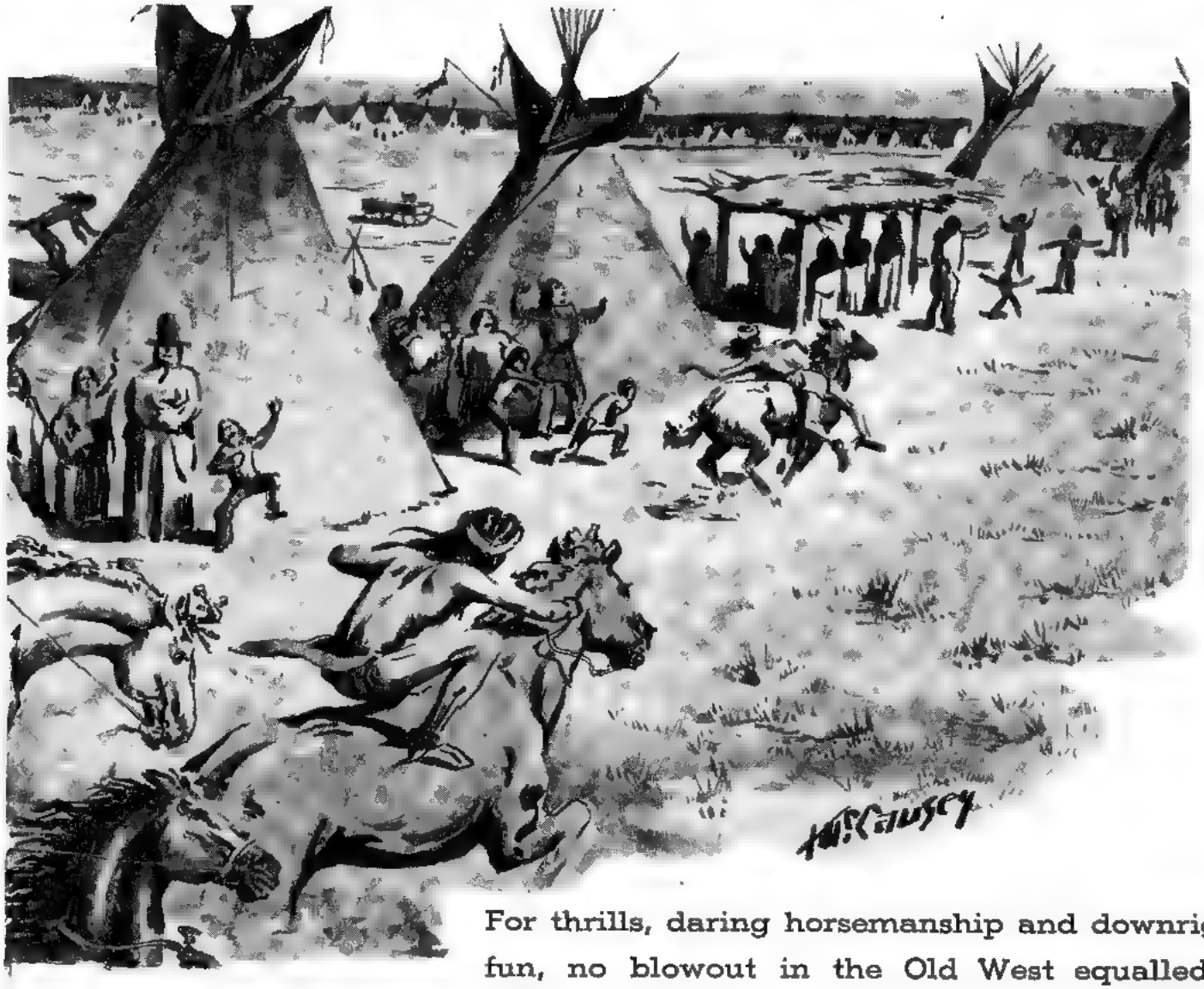
When the white invasion of America began along the Atlantic Coast, the Europeans found the Indians were peaceful and friendly, but when the invaders began to cut down the Indians' timberland, kill their game for sport and ignore their right of occupation, the Indians rebelled and went to war. Then by a government treaty in 1820 with the Indians, a wilderness, what is now Oklahoma, was made into an Indian territory, and Indians from many tribes were induced by promises of peace and plenty to move from their old camping and hunting grounds, or they were driven at gun point into this new territory, where they were to be protected and never molested by white habitation.

In part the treaty said: "This new nation abounding in game and wild fruit shall be the Indians' home, free of white encroachment, as long as grass grows, water runs and the sun shines."

The treaty, however, was only a scrap of paper. By the time various Indians from many tribes got settled in their reservation and were enjoying the freedom of a new bountiful hunting area, white trappers and traders began pouring into the Indian nation, cheating the natives at every turn and filling them with cheap whiskey.

Meanwhile, when the Indians saw how the whites were using horses, they began to catch, tame and train the wild horses, and in a short time, riding bareback, with only a thong around the lower jaw to guide their ponies, they became the most skillful and daring horsemen on earth.

At that time there were more than three hundred tribes among the million



For thrills, daring horsemanship and downright fun, no blowout in the Old West equalled it

Indians in America. Their trails led from one tribe to another, through forests and fertile valleys, out across the barren prairie, mountain ranges and blistering deserts, crossing and recrossing. No two tribes spoke the same dialect, yet through sign talk and by the use of beads, sea shells, prized seeds or pebbles as money, a friendly trade was carried on among all tribes.

IT was in mid-October on the buffalo range of what is now western Oklahoma, that the Kickapoo Indians held their annual and exciting horse race.

A day before the big race, a camp of more than five hundred big white buckskin tepees, vivid Indian symbols painted on their outer walls, were set up all around the track. More than twenty thousand Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Kickapoo, Seminole, Kiowa, Omaha, Sioux, Osage, and other tribal Indians wearing blankets, beads, buckskin and feathers, assembled to watch the annual race.

Along the east side of the track, an Omaha lodge, a Comanche tepee, a Cheyenne wigwam, and a Kiowa sun house stood out like monuments in another world. They housed the four high chiefs and judges of the race.

The frame of the lodge, made of long poles bound together with buckskin thongs, was covered with dried buffalo grass and mud. The wigwam was a tall cone-shaped tepee made with poles, buffalo hides and bear skin. The sun house, octagon in shape, was made of poles and buckskin, with tribal symbols encircling the outer wall. On the Council tepee, a frame of forty foot poles covered with brown buckskin, was painted a story of the feats of the Comanche chief on his rise to power.

For two or three hours before the race, Indian men, women and children milled around the starting line like a giant crowd at a modern ball game. Exhibition riding by teenage boys and girls was the highlight, featured by an Indian girl of only five years who performed spectacular feats astride a speeding pony.

From childhood Indians are taught to play and enjoy games of chance, and before the big race got under way, hundreds of bets were made. A colorful blanket, beaded belts, hammered silver bracelets, fancy wampum pouches, buffalo robes and other Indian art were bet on some favorite entry, it being understood that all winnings at the race would be given to the most needy Indians present.

Just before the race began, four high chiefs, attired in white buckskin, fringed and beaded, a long streamer of eagle feathers flowing down their backs, strode out to the starting line and stood like statues in the glistening sunlight.

There was tense interest as eighty-one jockeys rode their wiry ponies into the foreground, saluted the chiefs and formed a half circle. Each rider was nude except for a beaded or bark headband, and a skin around his waist. Each jockey had also ornamented his pony and his own body in an unusual manner.

Laughing Turtle, the Ponca pony, had a live turtle tied to his head, a thick string of eagle feathers in his tail; his jockey's body was painted sky blue.

Blind Buffalo, a big roan, had two buffalo horns tied to his neck and a bouquet of sunflowers tied to his tail. His jockey had striped his own legs black and yellow.

Yellow Porcupine, a Kiowa entry, had a string of white sea shells and three ears of brown corn tied about his neck, and a red sunrise painted on his hip. His rider's body was painted white, and four long black braids streamed down his back.

The Omaha favorite was a wiry grey mustang whose body had been striped to resemble a zebra. Three strands of buffalo teeth were around his neck, and his tail was full of red-bird feathers. His jockey had a long, live lizard around his neck.

Green and yellow bands had been painted on the back of a Cherokee pony, whose legs were yellow and his ears white. His rider had painted his own left arm green, the other, black.

Black Tomahawk, one of the Kickapoo entries, was a silky black stallion, with long white mane and tail. Grey and white spiderwebs had been painted on

his back and legs. Two long live black snakes were coiled around his rider's neck.

AFTER the four chiefs had surveyed the jockeys and their ponies and given their approval of the coming race, a tall Choctaw brave, nude above the waist, emerged from a nearby tepee, paused a moment, surveyed the audience, spread his arms wide and his voice rang out to the Thunder God. The race was on, and the beating of big skin drums and thundering commotion of the crowd echoed far out on the prairie.

As the wiry ponies approached the first tepee, there was a wild scramble for position. The Indians were whooping and yelling. The horses swayed to the right, then to the left, each rider urging his pony to go faster.

Red Tail Rabbit of the Chickasaw tribe, a bundle of turkey feathers about his neck and brown grass tied to his tail, took the lead, but Snow Cloud of the Choctaws and Half Moon of the Shawnees were moving into contention. Neck and neck they dashed around the tepee side-swiping other ponies on the way, and the Chickasaws went into wild applause. But Yellow Porcupine, the Cherokee favorite, with a baby goat astride his shoulder and a fist-size rock swinging from his rider's neck, suddenly ran through the scramble, and forged ahead. The Cherokees yelled, screamed and began a war dance.

As each jockey approached the end of his first lap, he wheeled his pony and like magic was on his way back around the course. A Seminole jockey, singing a native chant and waving a live prairie chicken in the air, was riding backwards, a Potawatomi brave was riding sideways. The daring Cheyenne rider, holding a live turtle, swung along the side, halfway under the belly of his pony—while an Osage jockey was standing on his pony's back, both arms spread wide in the air.

Each jockey in the race, whooping and singing in gleeful anticipation of victory, rode with a reckless disregard for safety. As they were encircling the tepees, one misstep could have tumbled both rider and pony into a dramatic scramble, even death. Mad Wolf of the Omahas, a big black horse, almost dumped his rider as he ran around the south-side tepee on the first lap.

The most dangerous moments were when twenty to thirty horses abreast were speeding around the tepees and crossing the track directly in the path of oncoming ponies. How the jockeys managed to race around the tepees so fast and zigzag between and around so many other speeding horses without going down was an action that would hold a white audience spellbound.

By the time the various riders had made three laps the entrants were strung out all along the track, and twenty thousand red throats were shouting native calls above the thud of a hundred big drums, in the hope of victory for their favorite horse.

No great game of sport in America nor any bullfight in all Spain or Mexico has ever drawn such a colorful and enthusiastic audience.

DURING the running of the first three laps, the various riders respected each jockey's position on the track, according to rules made by the four chiefs, but there were no rules to follow on the fourth lap. The race was wide open. Any jockey could do as he pleased.

They could bump into each other, fling a blanket in the face of an opponent as he tried to pass, push a rider from his mount, sieze any jockey, or do anything else to enhance his own chance of victory. It was during this period of the race that the crowd went into hysterical applause, dance and joy. None of the riders resented any interference, for this was a day of united sportsmanship.

Halfway around the fourth lap, Yellow Porcupine led the field, but Mad Wolf, Blue Moon and Beaver Dam, running neck and neck, cut in from the outside to take the lead. For a moment, either horse seemed sure of victory, but suddenly from way behind came White Eagle on Black Tomahawk, the Kickapoo favorite.

An old cowbell was swinging and ringing beneath the horse's neck, a coonskin and wild turkey feathers were tied to his tail. Beneath his tail was a bundle of dry cockleburs, which irritated and caused the horse to jump, leap and

Chief Big Tree, full blood Iroquois, who is still living and will verify what his father told him of the prairie horse races.

plunge ahead as though he might jump right out of his own skin. White Eagle, with a flaming torch in one hand, and with two live snakes dangling about his neck, was giving the most spectacular performance ever seen in an Indian nation.

He had ridden the first lap in a normal riding position; on the second lap he rode along the side, halfway under the belly of his pony; on the third, he rode backward. Now in the final lap his head was on his pony's back, his feet in mid-air, and he came thundering over the buffalo prairie to win the race by three lengths, and the audience burst into a wild ovation.

As he dismounted, countless Kickapoos gathered around him like swarming bees. Four maidens in white buckskin and beads moved in quickly to place a wreath of sunflowers around his neck, then laid numerous tokens of Indian art at his feet.

As the Cheyenne, Comanche and Kiowa chiefs stood at attention, Red Cloud, the Kickapoo Chief, said in signs:

"This day has been full of sunshine, fellowship and fun for my people. We are proud of our victory, but we want all of you to know we Kickapoos did not come here for personal gain. This race was for all—not for one. We came to meet old friends and make new ones among other tribes."

Here he paused, his eyes moving to survey the audience. Then in solemn majesty he said, in signs:

"As the paleface continues to move into our reservation without cause, we must unite in thought and prepare to meet them with a friendly hand, urge them to respect the treaty their White Father made with us, and allow us the freedom of the great outdoors."

Again he paused, and the thud of many drums echoed far out on the open prairie. As the drone of drums faded in the distance, he concluded with oratorical expression:

"The Sun is our Father, the Earth our Mother, the stars our guiding spirits at night. The Sun comes to light the day, make trees live, fruits ripen, flowers bloom, and grass grow on which the buffalo thrive and from which we get meat and warm robes which aid us during the cold of winter. Without the Sun there would be no light, no grass, no meat, no fruit, no flowers, no health. Therefore, we must thank the Great Spirit in daily prayer for the power of the Sun and Earth."

As he closed his eyes and extended his open palms to the earth, the audience looked sykward in silent prayer, and the faint beat of drums sounded in reverence.

FOR the next two hours Indian leaders from different tribes gave talks in behalf of their people, stressed the value of inter-tribal friendship and how the Indians could urge the whites to respect the Indians' right of occupation. For the rest of the afternoon there was fellowship in the big camp. Teen-age girls and boys played hide and seek, leap frog, buffalo and other games.

The women of one tribe mingled with those of another. Young braves wrestled or ran foot races; older men told stories or played jokes on each other. Others learned the chants and dances of other tribes. Later the entire audience feasted on barbecued buffalo meat, wild turnips, roasted potatoes and corn soup.

As a vivid sunset began to spread streamers of pink, blue and gold across the western sky, the entire audience assembled in a massive half circle and squatted on the ground to watch impending feats of magic.

Many braves did puzzling acts. Among them was an Omaha who swallowed a two-foot, red-tipped flint arrow, whirled around four times, then spat out two short arrows whose tips were blue.

A Kiowa brave ran into the arena with a skin pouch of boiling water. He set it down, then reached into the water and with bare hand, pulled out a live baby rabbit.

A Comanche medicine man placed a grain of wheat on the ground, pushed it into the soil with his feet, went into a hysterical dance and out of the earth popped a green sprig. The stem quickly grew to a height of five feet, and suddenly its top burst into a golden sunflower. Only the clever Indians knew the method of their magic.

As the performers completed their acts, a stately Choctaw appeared to ignite a pile of dry logs, pine cones and

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PROHIBITED

Some men yearn for fame, others want to be millionaires; all Bill Hawes craves is his job as a

Ghost Town Guardian

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

EVER get fed up with punching a time clock every day, struggling to pay the monthly bills, battling this tough modern world? Ever become so weary and frustrated that you wished to Heaven you were the only resident of a ghost town *somewhere, anywhere,* with only coyotes for neighbors and a pack rat for your best friend? If the answer is a heartfelt *yes,* consider the ideal setup of Bill Hawes, of Silver City, Idaho.

William J. Hawes, to give him his full legal handle, is pushing eighty but you'd never suspect it to look at him. Bill claims that peace and solitude keep him young and sprightly, and it sure looks that way. He is the self-appointed mayor, councilman, police chief, fireman, postman, dog catcher and general handyman of Silver City, once a thriving metropolis of the Old West. He holds all these titles because he is the only bona fide year-around resident of Silver City, and he gets a wry kick out of awarding himself these mythical posts at no salary per annum

Naturally, Silver City wasn't always a ghost town. Silver got her start in 1863, and for twelve years boomed in spectacular fashion. In that halcyon period $30,000,000 in gold was taken from one shaft, and the Poorman Mine yielded a 500-pound chunk of ore made up of solid ruby-silver crystals. Specimens were selected and sent to the Paris Exposition in 1866, where they won a gold medal. The city—nobody dared call it a mere town in those hectic days—boasted the first daily newspaper in the state—*The Owyhee Avalanche*—and offered its proud residents the first telegraphic wire service in Idaho.

Silver took her first staggering blow in 1876, a year of grave financial crisis in the West. But the old gal was resilient—she bounced back from near disaster to reign again as the Silver Queen of the state until near the end of the 1890's. At that time, Silver supported more than 2,000 citizens, six general stores and a half-dozen saloons.

Bill Hawes arrived in Silver City as a boy, when miners and prospectors still thronged the porch of the sprawling Idaho Hotel and jam-packed the saloons nightly to watch the high-kicking dancing girls do the cancan in gold-and-silver-spangled red skirts and long black stockings. Poker, blackjack, and faro tables operated around the clock, and it was a simple matter to stir up a fight or a frolic at any hour of the day or night.

Bill grins when you ask him what Silver was like in those days, shakes

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Left: "Sheriff" Billy Hawes and beer vat where he fashioned a miniature "tavern." There is a tiny bar with a barkeep and a little table. Below: Silver City in its heyday.

Photos Courtesy Belcher Publishing Company

This old-time lawman can still feel the needle points running up and down his back when he recalls to mind his part in

Wyatt Earp's "Million Dollar" Shotgun Ride

By A. M. KING as told to LEA McCARTY

WYATT EARP, then in his fifties, drove up from Seventeenth Street, where he lived near Washington in Los Angeles, to my rooms on Wall Street. This was L. A. in 1909—drunks in the gutters out in front of the old saloons, horse manure in the streets, bell-clanging streetcars, and horse-drawn fire engines. Quite a town . . .

Wyatt finally located me at the Hot Rivet Saloon on Spring Street, where I was having a go at monte with the boys. He gave me the high sign and I sauntered up forward near the bar. He announced he had a job to do and would like me to join him for twenty bucks. He said we were going to move a cargo of cash in the neighborhood of a million dollars.

I'd been a Los Angeles policeman for the past few years, up in the red light opium section, but due to kickback pressures of high politics, I had quit and gone to freelance police work. I met up with Wyatt at the Sheriff's office when he came up from San Berdu or Temescal, and teamed up with him as I found him very agreeable and ready for anything as long as it paid. His reputation then was known only to a few and was nothing comparable to the TV or movie bull you hear and see today.

I was a big guy, about six-foot-two, while Earp stood a little under six feet. He had cold blue eyes which looked a hole through a man. He seldom wore any gun at all (no Buntline then), was an artist at swearing, and took to drinking pretty heavily when he reached fifty. You see, Earp never used to drink at all. The old days of Dodge, Ellsworth, and Wichita were far behind him and Earp was not too proud to work for $10 a day the same as any peace officer who wanted to eat.

You bet I'd go along with him for twenty bucks. A million bucks to ride shotgun on was a lot of *dinero* in my time.

"Who we moving this stuff for, Wyatt?"

He said the I. W. Hellman Bank, up on Sixth and Spring Streets. We'd rent a spring wagon from an independent expressman to move the stuff.

It was no surprise to me about the I. W. Hellman Bank. I had seen the no-

A. M. King, former Wyatt Earp deputy, poses in front of portraits of King and Earp which were painted by Lea McCarty. King likes factual western history and adds to it in his story told here.

Left: Wyatt Earp in later years. Right: King examining a gun in McCarty's studio. He says Wyatt Earp was no show-off.

tice in the *Times* and the picture of a string of angry people sweating it out while the L.A. cops patrolled the line to keep the peace. I guess it's no joke to be faced with the possibility of losing all the money you have in the world.

Wyatt remarked the people were a howling and murderous bunch. They were stirred up enough to tear down the building. No federal insurance then, not one cent. Your trust was explicitly with the bank. Earp said the Los Angeles Mayor had called him and as a personal favor wanted him to help Hellman as the matter had grown serious.

"I'd rather skin a wildcat or walk into a shooting than do a job like this," said Wyatt. "People nowadays get to thinking I'm a damned magician or something."

"Know how you are going to do the job?" I asked.

He said he had an idea which was incubating. That's all he said. Wyatt was by nature a quiet man and knew when to keep his mouth shut. He often said that talk got a lot of folks into real trouble.

THIS incident had its inception when the newspapers printed a statement that the bank examiners had swooped down on the Hellman Bank and laid to daylight the fact that more money was loaned out than was in the vaults, which required them to make a payoff if necessary. Word of this went like smoke in a high wind and people swarmed downtown with bags, boxes, sacks—anything to carry gold, silver, pennies, and the gilded certificates.

I suppose excitement fed my blood. I liked it. I told Earp to lead off. We'd been together on many a wild chase down into Old Mexico, for instance, bringing back without extradition papers desperados at gunpoint to the line and then pinch them, and into Death Valley for the Borax people, putting the bite on claim jumpers and such.

We stopped at my brother's saloon and picked up two shotguns which we covered up with our coats and then ambled on down to the bank where we asked to see I. W. Hellman in person. We knew a lot of the boys on duty there and so the shotguns caused no concern. Hellman appeared and shook hands with us and asked us into his office.

This man had come up the hard way, with an old white mule and a good loud voice, as he bought rags, bottles and sacks up and down alleys until he had enough to start a bank. There never was a finer Jewish merchant and he'd loan money to the low man on the totem pole every time. We sat down and took his cigars, then he went straight to the point.

"Mr. Earp, you have somewhat of a reputation for breaking up everything imaginable from strikes to claim jumpers, so I am informed. I am willing to pay you a couple hundred if you can somehow break this high pressure downstairs and get the folks to go away peacefully until we have a chance to meet their demands." Mr. Hellman was sweating profusely and he took off his coat and threw it behind his swivel chair. "If they clean us out, then we all sink together and a lot of people won't get a damned cent. If we can have forty-eight hours' grace we can, with collateral, raise the money to break this run. Steer them away, Mr. Earp. What action have you in mind?"

That question came mighty sudden, but Earp was no more stumped than a monkey climbing a tree. He says right back.

"I'll get the job done, sir. Tell me, how far is it to the closest iron works?"

Hellman sat bolt upright in his chair like a pin had been thrust into his hind end. What in hell did an iron works have to do with his bank?

I put in, "The Baker Iron Works is up the street on North Broadway a piece, right across from the old cemetery." How well I knew that because my old friend Jim Jeffries, the heavyweight champ, had once rustled iron there to harden his muscles.

"Then I'll want a wagon," said Wyatt to Hellman, "and about a million dollars worth of empty gold sacks and your bank seal so I can close 'em up right."

"What are you going to fill them with?" demanded Hellman.

"Money," said Earp.

"This is no joking matter."

"I don't joke," snapped Wyatt. "You put a little faith in me and I'll see if I can't help you. Now, if you have someone get the sacks and your seal, we'll get started."

What else could Hellman do? He was in no position to find out Earp's hand. He called in his secretary and told her what to get for us, which was done and placed handy out back by the rear door.

Before leaving, however, word was given to Hellman to have all payoff windows closed except one and to give explicit orders to the teller to stall as much as possible. Hellman feared the mob but Wyatt assured him people would take a lot of punishment before blowing up in any riot.

WE walked up Spring Street and found an express wagon with a one-armed driver who let us know he had lost it in the Civil War. Earp told the man to do his job and shut up. We loaded the sacks and then headed up North Broadway for the iron works.

I couldn't help but think of old Jim Jeffries as we rode along the brick street. I had known Jim quite well when I had been a cop in L.A. He was a wild one for sure, and when he was on a drunk he'd chop things up with his dukes. Once I found him in a Chinese restaurant slamming his big red fist through the partitions to show a Jewish jeweler what a punch he packed. I had to douse the big bum with water to make him stop. Wyatt laughed when I told him of this

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LICENSED TO UNKNOWN
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The Texan language is mighty easy on the ear; it's soft, slow and a man can sure be comfortable with it

Texas Talk

By FRED GIPSON

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

A few years back, when my book, *Cowhand*, came off the press, Capital-L literary wolves tore into it, as is their habit. They wooled and worried it around considerable before turning it loose, sort of frazzled around the edges, but not too much the worse for wear and tear.

Well, that was all right. That's what those boys are fed to do, and generally I don't pay them much mind.

That is, unless one of them happens to take a notion to build up my stock as a writer. Then, of course, I'll quote him as a smart boy to anybody I can get hemmed up in a tight corner.

The balance of those critics, though, I make a practice of ignoring, like a man'll finally come to overlooking chigger bites after the first round of early-spring scratching.

But I'll have to admit that I got real put out with one of them ducks last fall. He's the whickerbill who pawed up so much sand about the brand of English *Cowhand* was written in. He blew up a regular storm about it. Called my language "Texanese," and let on that the words I used were the off-brand sort a man ought to feel ashamed to be caught in polite company with. The way he carried on, you'd have thought there was something about plain, common old everyday Texas words that make them smell bad.

Well, dog take his high and mighty ways! They rubbed a sore place on me. Got my dander up, too, so that I've been laying off ever since to give him a piece of my mind. Just as quick as I can get around to it.

To my notion, a book belongs to be written in the language of the people it's telling about.

I know that after I'd written a novel called *Hound-Dog Man*, a whole passel of folks, mostly Texans and Southerners, told me how pleasured they were to read a book in the language they were used to talking. I even had one publisher to brag on me about that. He said, "Mr. Gipson, you surely have a wonderful ear for the language of your people."

I tried to look modest and just said "Yessir," and never did let on that the language of that book was the only one—barring a little sheepcamp Mexican—that I'd had any real close acquaintance with. Us writers can't afford to low-rate ourselves in this here literary world. If we're not the final authority on any subject from fish-worm raising to the eating habits of chorus girls, we don't tell it around.

I'd give a pretty to have the experience and learning that'd let me chew the fat with any man anywhere in his own private back-yard tongue. On the other hand, my ignorance of nearly every speech but Texan sure doesn't make me ashamed to use that.

TEXAN is a soft, slow, easy-going sort of talk, not quite so flowery and pretty-sounding maybe as Spanish, but mighty easy on the ear. A man can sure be comfortable with it.

Which isn't a thing I can say for some talk I ran onto back East a couple of years ago. As far as I know, what I heard was correct enough English. Where I fell out with it was in having to hit and hold such a fast trot to keep it from getting away from me.

I'd gone up to New York to run the trapline I keep baited out for book publishers and magazine editors and anybody else that can be skinned for profit. Got caught in one of those guzzling parties publishers sometimes throw for writers on the off-chance that some critic will drink himself into writing a rave review of the said writer's book. Not being on home ground, I was playing it cagey sort of circling the mill till I could get the leaders spotted. Making out that I was the Strong Silent Type. Getting away with it, too, till here came this little gent, wearing sloppy tweeds and a wide, friendly grin. He mosied over and threw a bunch of words at me so fast that I ducked before I thought.

"Now, how's that again?" I asked.

His grin got wider and he rapped out some more words. They came at about the same speed that a woodpecker cuts away dead mesquite, going after sawyer worms.

"Isaidthatyouareundoubtedlyfrom Texas."

Well, it didn't sound like fight talk, so I said: "Now, hold on a minute, friend. You're out-traveling me. Can't make out a word you're saying."

So he slapped me on the shoulder, real friendly, and here it came again: "Of courseyouarefromTexasIcantellbyyour talk!" Then he grabbed a partner by his arm and dragged him over.

"LookthismanisfromTexasIwantyouto listentohisspeechisn'titdelightful."

Well, this second woodpecker hammered away at me for a spell in the same machine gun fire talk, then herded us toward the bar, where we all bent elbows with a new round of drinks and soon got as thick as three in a bed.

But the party was half over before I caught onto anything either of them had to say. Finally learned that by keeping on my toes and listening about twice as fast as I'm used to doing, I could grab the first three or four words they had to say and hold them till they made sense. But if my new drinking partners ever said more than three or four words at a time, I was like a slow hound on a fast

Since he's the Big Wind when it comes to proper speech, I'd like to find out from him where a man could dig up the right words to tell what a cowhand is thinking? Out of Winston Churchill's *The Triumph and the Tragedy!*

Now, I never laid eye on a finer piece of writing than Winston did there. When it comes to making use of the King's English, that old boy's real handy. And I'll be the first to admit that *The Triumph and the Tragedy* would have sounded awfully silly written in Texas talk.

He never did catch on until she got down on her hands and knees and showed him just where they'd sit inside the fireplace.

Well, this second woodpecker hammered away at me for a spell in the same machine gun fire talk.

trail. The longer they went, the colder the scent got.

I never did learn what was crowding them into such hurry-up talk. There was plenty of liquor right there, so we weren't fixing to go off anywhere else.

NOW, the talk of us Texans is some slower than that, I'm happy to say. Nobody has to run till his tongue hangs out, trying to keep up with it. It's handed out to the listener, one word at a time, with room to breathe in between, so that nearly anybody's got time to hear and examine each word. It's also got its own special flavor, so that it can be spotted for what it is by almost anybody, anywhere.

I recollect how on that same trip, a New York cop got my wife so flabbergasted that she hasn't hardly got over it yet. We'd just shot at the moon and made a hit. We'd sold a book and felt richer than the dirt in an old cowpen. So we'd put up in one of those swank hotels right close to Grand Central Station.

Well, Tommie got the urge, like a woman will, to prowl off downtown and putter around in them big department stores to see what she could turn up. Which she did—only, she never one-time thought to take sight on the sun and get her bearings before pulling out. So, of course, she got lost.

She was sure in a pickle. She knew the hotel was right close, but she couldn't locate it at all. And the idea of having to ask some stranger for direction hacked her the worst in the world.

But there wasn't any other out. She was up a tree. It was either ask and look country, or look city and stay lost. So she finally raked up enough nerve to ask a cop.

It's a mortal fact, she'll tell you right today, that all she said to that cop was, "Excuse me, can you tell me where the Bedford Hotel is?" But evidently that was enough. A grin spread over the cop's face like a wave on a slopbucket before he asked: "Well, bless my heart, honey. What part of Texas are you from?"

I don't know when I ever saw a body more outdone than Tommie was when she finally made it back to our hotel.

"How on earth could he tell?" she kept wanting to know.

We studied on it some, but the only answer we could come up with was that Texas speech is different, which, of course, isn't anything to make a big to-do over. When you take into consideration how long in time and miles and history our Texas talk has been dragged around, it stands to reason that it would be different.

The first settlers to land at Plymouth Rock naturally brought along the speech they'd developed back in England. Well, when they got over here, it come to them that the speech they'd been using on the streets of London didn't quite fit their needs for dealing with the raw, new land full of Indians and wild animals. So they made some changes. And then years later, they carried that speech over into the hills of Tennessee and Kentucky.

There, they distilled it, along with corn squeezings, so that generations later, they were using the same language they'd brought with them, pure as their moonshine. About the only change they'd made was in slowing it down to the speed of molasses on a cold morning, and adding a nasal flavor to it. By preserving it so faithfully, the hillbillies made their language a separate and individual thing from the talk spoken by other parts of the nation more amenable to change.

Then when the hill people brought their language with them down into the Piney Woods country of East Texas, they mixed in a little Negro slave talk, a little Cajun, and a little Mexican. That took some overhauling and reworking.

And they had to rework it a little more when, like my folks did, they left East Texas and came on out to dry-land farm, here in the center of the state I've heard tell that talk out here was influenced some by the dust storms. Some foreigner probably started the rumor that it's so drouthy and dusty and windy here that a man has to stop between words to keep the blowing sand out of his mouth. But that's a dirty lie. There's been several times in my lifetime I've seen it rain here.

WELL, with all that reworking and overhauling, a language is bound to take on some new words and fresh expressions and different meanings.

But I never had realized just how much change had taken place till one time when Tommie and I paid a visit to the *Reader's Digest* plant, out a piece from Chappaqua, New York.

A couple of the *Digest* editors, Charlie Ferguson and Bill Hard, felt called on to show their manners by throwing a little party in our honor and they'd invited to this party a young lady fresh out of London.

Well, it would be a bother to try to call to mind all the mixups I got into with this young lady while trying to get acquainted with her. But after the two of us crowded Charlie Ferguson into acting as our interpreter, we had a meal-barrel full of fun, each trying to figure out what the other was saying.

And all the time, both of us were supposed to be talking English.

What I was talking, of course, was Hill Country Texan. It differs some from the speech down in the Piney Woods of East Texas and from the kind used further West, say out in the Pecos country. But the difference is generally mighty little and I won't have an easy go of separating it.

But you take, now, if an old East Texas boy were to pocket his cotton-picking money and head for town to rig himself out in some new duds, he'd generally call for party clothes. The same dry goods, here in the Hill Country, would very likely be Sunday clothes. While if a Pecos River cowhand were to buy them, they'd be his town-going garments.

In about the same way, if the lovebug were to bite these three boys so that they spent a lot of time building up to some girl with sweet talk, folks would say the Piney Woods boy was fixing to woman, the Hill Country boy was tampering with a girl, while the cowhand in the greasewoods would merely be horsing around.

But such little differences in terms don't pack a lot of weight. With Texans on the go all the time, it's getting so you're liable to hear any one of these expressions used anywhere between the Panhandle and the Rio Grande. Just

(Continued on page 30)

"THE HECK YOU SAY, Dr. Harrington!"

Illustrated by Brummett Echohawk

Editor's Note:

The letters on Dr. Harrington's controversial article "I'm Sick of Lost Mines!" (November-December, 1957, True West) continued to pour in even after we published a number of them as an article in the May-June, 1958, issue of TW under the title "The Heck You Say, Dr. Harrington!" (Actually, some of the letter-writers expressed their opinions of the learned doc in considerably stronger terms, but this is a family magazine and we can't have the young-'uns picking up cuss words from TW.) Anyhow, we're running the best of the last batch of Harrington letters in this second article—and hope you boys will sort of simmer down for a spell until somebody throws another bomb at you. Incidentally, nearly all these letters are necessarily condensed to fit our limited space.

Editor, *True West:*

"Rock doctors" (doctors of geology, like Doc Harrington, included) are the worst to throw cold water on lost mine stories. Yet I am sure that I have neither read nor heard of even *one* mine being found by one of these scientific gents. I *have* heard that one of their "top brass" did tell the finders of Tonopah to "walk off and leave it" as it was not in the right formation for a mine!

I also know that a field man for the U. S. Bureau of Mines, when shown a picked sample of extra rich copper carbonate ore at Winkelman, Arizona, called it "copper stain" and went on to say that "a pound of copper would stain a whole mountain." The smelter there (at Hayden) ran an assay on an average sample at that depth and got 9.8 per cent copper. The piece of ore the Government man saw was a "picture rock"—you could not possibly break it so that it was not spotted with green or blue carbonate. There is not a jackleg in the state who would not have known that it was pay ore, not just stain. We always lovingly referred to this Bureau of Mines expert as "Old Copper Stain" after that episode. Yet he may well have been Doctor So-and-so himself, as far as *we* know. And care less!

Out of five of the state's high-ranking Rock Doctors, no two agreed as to what kind of rock the copper was in. What price fancy college degrees? Heck, I ain't agin higher education *per se*, but I do think these scientific minds erect artificial barriers for themselves. They don't dast go against the book on *anything!*

For example: A retired mining engineer told me he could not tell whether a certain rock was quartz or calcite without putting acid on it. I have been assured that he was a *good* engineer. Well, any prospector can tell quartz and calcite apart without acid. In this case, the rock was neither!

In "The Great Diamond Hoax," by Russell Quinn, in the July-August, 1957, TW, there is an excellent example of how "expert" a doctor of geology may become. Dr. Janin was an "expert" head and shoulders above any of his contemporaries, "the leading expert in the field." Yet he put his unhesitating okay on the salted diamond field. And what a field of gems it was, with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires—all growing under the same bush!

Personally, I have spent many days prospecting in the districts where the Lost Nigger Mine, the Lost Yuma Mine and others are supposed to be. Many other days I have spent in just plain prospecting most of the Western states. I have read or listened to every lost mine tale that came my way. Collecting lost mine stories is my hobby. Undoubtedly I would be a real sucker for a smooth slicker with a gold brick lost mine map. Strangely enough, I have neither seen nor heard of such a map except in magazine articles. But who would doubt that millions of such maps are floating around, since we "read all about it" in *True West?* There must be a lot of people like me who have never seen one. Some people have all the luck—or maybe I just don't look like a sucker.

Now I would say to any Easterner that the West has millions of nice, friendly people of which only a few are slickers. Come on and see for yourselves. Meanwhile, maybe TW can dig up a few more lost mine stories for all of us true fans. —George T. Archer, P. O. Box 48, Pixley, California.

We'll try, George, we sure will try!

Dear Mr. Gipson:

I suppose by now, in this year of five billion some hundred-odd million in the age of the earth, that 10,000 prospectors and treasure hunters have popped up to offer rebuttal to Dr. Harrington's "I'm *Sick* of Lost Mines!" If not, I'll do the job for them. All of us don't tell all we know. Too many tax collectors.

Let's start with the well-publicized story of the Apache Silver that was located in Texas. I had a note from the finder himself. Last I heard he was busy sewing up the ground with mining leases.

Now allow me to quote the October, 1957, *Mining World* on a find in California: "The famous lost Spanish silver mine in the Gabilan Mountains near Hollister reportedly has been located by state mining engineer, Oliver Bowen. Prospectors have searched for the mine for 150 years. It was started by the padres of the Franciscan order to supply silver for ornaments and religious medals at the San Carlos Borremeo Mission at Carmel. Location of the mine has been unknown since 1852 when John Fremont moved into Monterey. Rather than give it up, the Franciscans closed it. Mr Bowen stumbled on the mine while searching for lime for a cement manufacturer. He is reported to have found several tons of rich silver tailings. The owner of the property did not know the mine existed."

Well, in between these areas, in the multi-million dollar Superstition Mountains mining district, I know of a couple of lost Peralta mines probably still standing wide open. One of these is quite deep but only runs $7 or $8 to gold—with no nuggets as big as your fist sticking out—so it remains unnoticed in country miles from the end of the nearest road. Every once in a while though, someone pokes around and finds a head-sized chunk of highgrade from which five or six ounces of gold can be mortared. The other mine, near an old Spanish copper dinner kettle buried under some rocks, was driving toward a contact under a slope that throws off $8.32 float from the assay I got years ago. Nearby, of course, the Mormon Stope of the old Goldfield Mine paid off $300,000 in highgrade while it lasted, according to an engineer who worked there decades ago. Many another pocket has been cleaned out and forgotten. Most of this is detailed in my book, *Thunder God's Gold,* on the subject. But another character topped me with *The Lost Dutchman Mine,* by Sims Ely. He'd been there forty-odd years before I showed up and worked with Jim Barks in the 1890's finding field evidence . . .

As for me, on my last look around Texas I trailed the Lopez-Mendoza Expedition to Dry Pond at Goldthwaite, following a 290-odd year old trail, and came up with a couple of pieces of Spanish steel and some empty caches. Some scoundrel beat us to it by a couple of centuries! There was some satisfaction in the fact that our maps, found on copper boxes in 1936, proved to be accurate as to the underground caverns. There was nothing on the surface save a muleshoe cut upon a nearby tree, meaning "treasure below." Part of it may still be there, beyond the reach of our metal detectors.

Here, in California, I recently swung through the Eagle Mountains, found a live fault, then an old prospector's camp of a couple of decades ago, then an iron mine. Yep, claim filed n' everything!

So you see, there is really no equalling the romance and fascination of hunting

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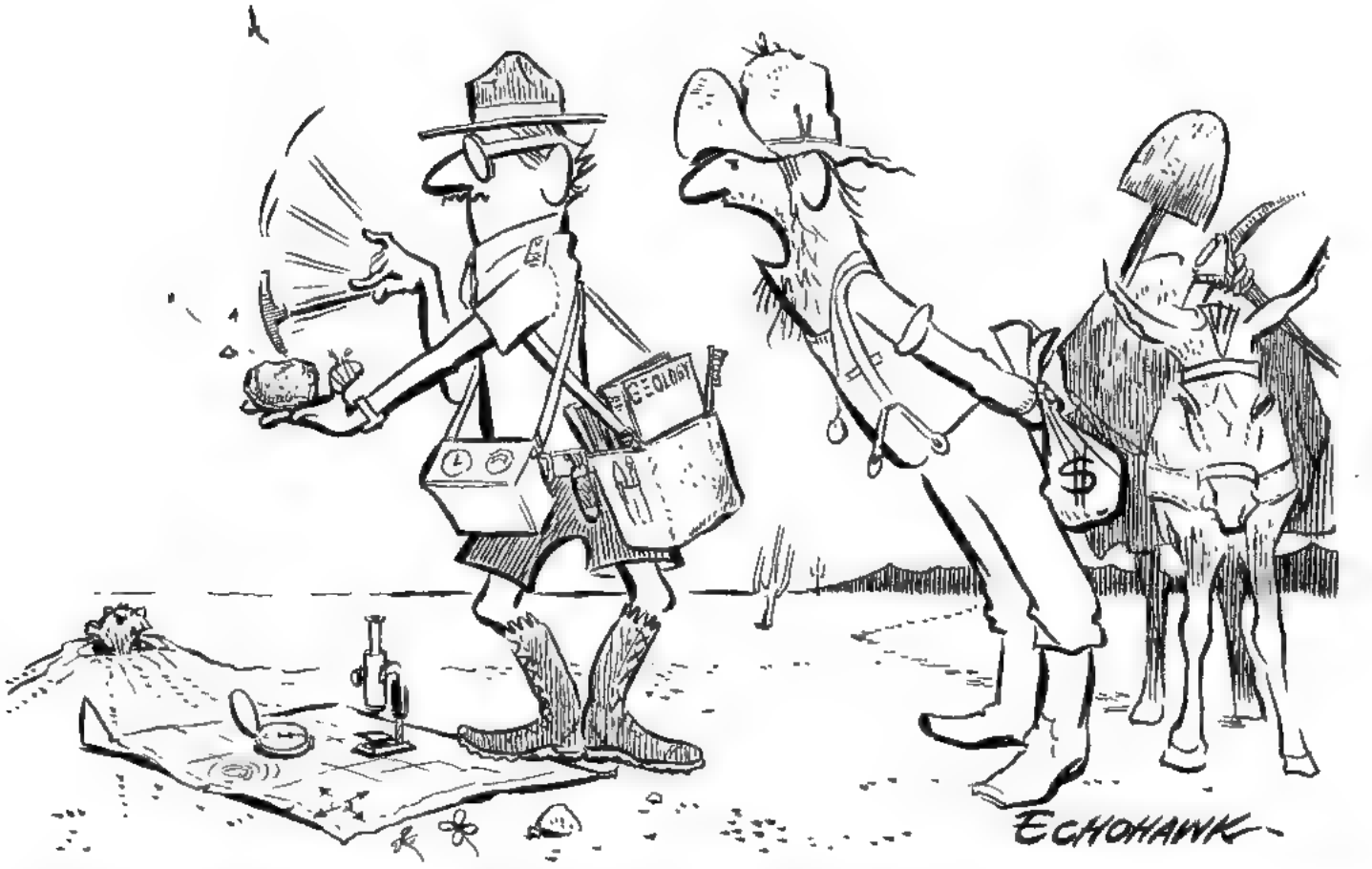


lost mines and treasures. Americans will always hunt them—and all the Doc Harringtons in the world will never discourage or stop us.—Barry Storm, P. O. Box 74, Inyokern, California.

We'll add a hearty Amen to that, Barry.

Editor, *True West:*

By golly, that old Dr. Harrington sure got my dander up with his article deriding lost mines! Now the doc may be a doctor of geology and have more degrees than a thermometer, but he sure don't know from nothin' about ores found in rock, basalt and shale. For example:

The great native copper mines in Michigan are located largely in basalt. Huge deposits of pure native copper, some weighing up to 400 tons, have been found in basalt. A doctor of geology should know better than to say that nothing of importance is ever found in basalt. As for shale—why, not long ago I read where large deposits of uranium in the form of carnotite have been found in sandstone. Wake up, Doc—you're years behind the times!—J. W. Blake, Skookumchuck, British Columbia.

Dear Joe:

Okay, Brother Small, I'm going to give this to you the best I can—a true tale of real buried treasure. Arrange it any way you wish as long as you stick to the basic facts. I hope it can be checked out if it appears in TW. I don't think it would be hard to do, as I am sure some old-timer in Wise County, Texas, will still remember it.

It happened in Wise County near a little town named Paradise. This is located about thirty-five miles north of Fort Worth.

This yarn starts back before the turn of the century, on a farm on the West Ford of the Trinity River. My dad had lived there as a boy and young man with my grandparents. During the time they lived there, a Mexican came and stayed with them for a time. He was hunting some treasure or other and was looking for certain markings to guide him. One marking was a turkey track cut on a certain kind of rock, another a sandstone wedged in the fork of a big oak tree. My dad and others helped him in his search for these markings, but they never did find them. Finally the Mexican left, leaving no address.

I think it was the following spring somebody found the rock with the turkey track cut on it, but as the Mexican had given out no information, it meant nothing to them. Two years later my folks were clearing some land for cultivation and cut down a big oak tree. When the tree fell it split open at a fork about ten feet from the ground—and there was the sandstone, about the size of a loaf of bread. Bark had grown completely over it. Now they had found both clues—but still it did not help them find the treasure.

Now the story moves along to a point where I remember. In 1913, give or take one year, we were living in New Mexico. Suddenly my dad decided we would move to Wise County, Texas. It was a long, hard haul in a wagon—but move we did.

My own fondest memories of that country are the big red fox squirrels and the big forked speckled channel cat, but Dad was still wondering about that buried gold. He never talked to me very much about it, but he had a rod made about four feet long. It had a handle at one end and a sharp point at the other, so it would stick in the ground easy. That country is sandy soil anyway, and after a rain we would go down to that part of the country and Dad would stick thousands of holes in the ground looking for the treasure. Why he didn't find it, I don't know except that he just wasn't lucky. As it turned out, he must have stuck five hundred holes within just a few feet of it—maybe just inches.

The second summer we were there, some company dug a pipeline through the country. (I don't know if it was water, gas, oil or what.) That was when they dug ditches with pick and shovel, and there was a big bunch of laborers on this job. About two o'clock one afternoon they dug square into the treasure we had been hunting—a hoard of gold coins. I suppose it had been buried in some kind of container; if so, it had rotted away. Anyhow, here was this mass of shining gold!

The old man who owned the land grabbed his shotgun and ran down to claim it, but those workmen were so gold-crazed they didn't even hear him yelling that the coins were his. They just grabbed up what they could hold in their hats and pockets and took out. The one man that reported back for work next day claimed he didn't get any of it. This fellow and the old feller who owned the place told the same story; that there must have been between a half-bushel and a bushel of gold coins. The men had just gone wild; some got a hatful of gold and some got their pockets full. They fought over it like wild beasts until they'd made away with all. The old man would have had to murder 'em all to make them turn loose of that gold and—mad as he was—he wasn't about to do that. So they got it all and he got nothing.—Claude Tatum, Winters, Texas.

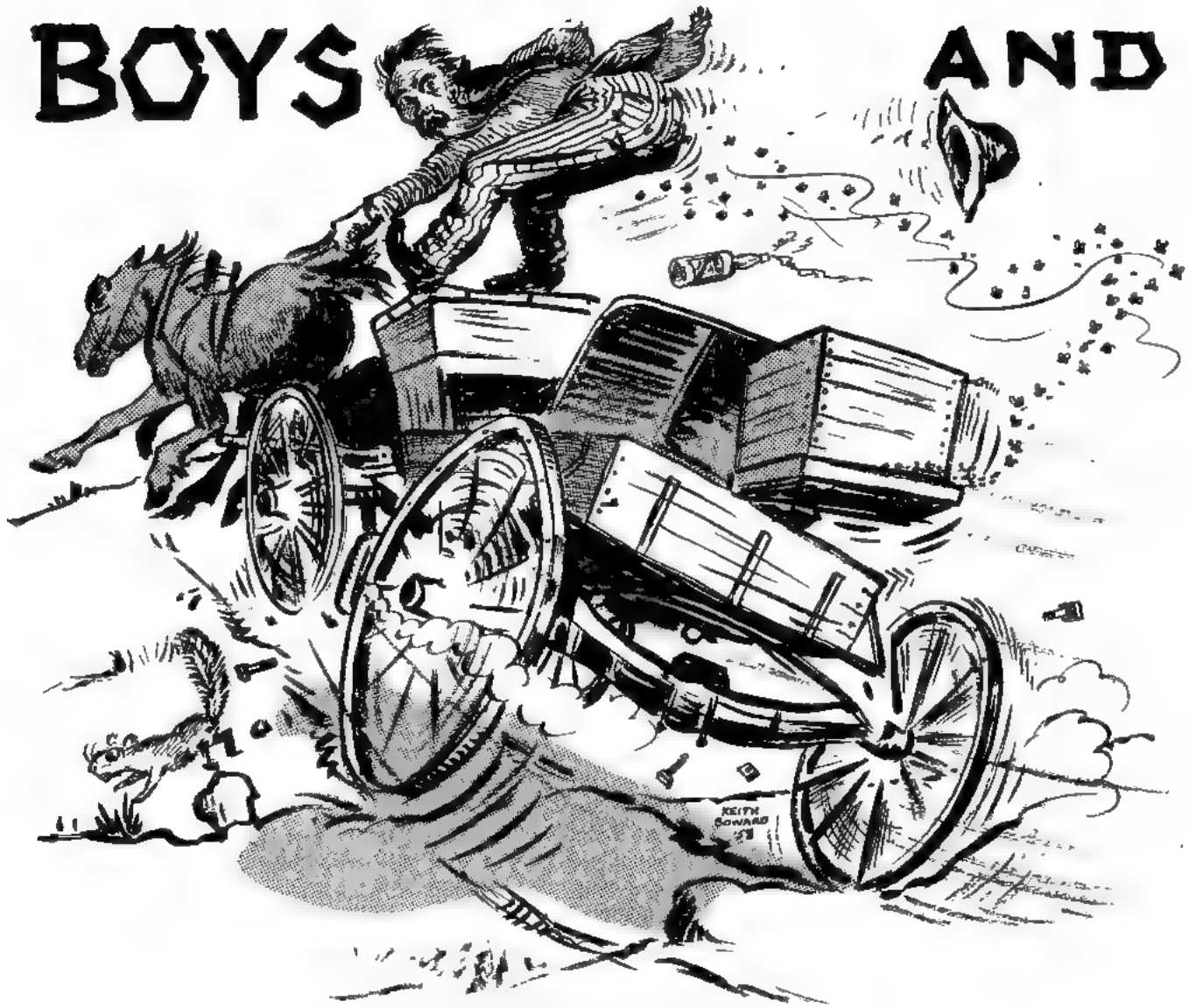
There must be a moral there somewhere, Claude, but we'll be hanged if we can think of it!

Dear Editor:

Happened to see a January-February, 1957, *True West*, and was greatly interested in the story "Did The Dutchman

(Continued on page 32)

BOYS AND



By FLORENCE FENLEY

Illustrated by Keith Soward

Editor's Note: A lot of good Texas history is woven into the following yarn, republished by permission of The Cattleman magazine. The editor of The Cattleman had the following comment: "This story brings back fond memories of boyhood days in Burnet County. The boy raised in the city would not understand and appreciate the pleasure of a 'hunt' as told by Mrs. Fenley; he likely would think 'so what' if one happened to be suggested to him. Maybe we were a little more 'up to date' than Mack Blocker for we would get a brace and a small bit and bore enough holes in the paddle to overcome wind resistance. He had a belief that if a wasp or bee took after you to lie down on the ground and hold your breath and the assailant would not sting you. I firmly believe bumblebees boiling out when riled up were the inspirations for the blitzkrieg in modern warfare."

KA-WHOP! That's the way it sounded when you hit a bumblebee with a paddle or when the bumblebee hit you, which was pretty often if you got to fooling 'round one of their nests. The next thing you'd hear would be something on this order:

"I got *that* one! Ow-oo-oo! Look out, Charley, there comes a thousand of 'em! Gosh, let's get away from here! Ow-oo-oo!"

And yet, boys in the early days found the game so exciting and so full of adventure, they could not forego a good fight even when they knew it was going to cost them a lot of "hurtin'." Down to the last man, he was always ready for another battle. And it wasn't only in the early days they fought bumblebees. Boys of later days carried on the game.

Hiving in the ground as they do, bumblebee honey has to be dug out. They hoard their honey in a little ball from four to twelve inches underground. The honey deposit is small, indeed, for such ferocious fighting as it took to get it, and its sweetness was cloying; one could not eat much of it. But the boys smacked loudly over the reward when the battle was won.

I've listened to various accounts of bumblebee fights. Hornet fights too. You'd be surprised how many men today were members of the boy gangs who hunted them. It was a boys' game—it took grit to go into the fight because, as one old-timer expressed it, "a bumblebee sting just hurt you so bad you could not help but holler! And when they got you on the run, they were bound to overtake you, and they'd sting the first place handy."

Another said, "I was just a little old kid about eight years old and was sittin' up on a high bank watchin' some bigger kids fight a nest of 'em one day. One old bee must a-spied me up there for he quit the rest of 'em and made a dive for me. He stung me right on the top of the head and it come out under my chin. That's how bad it *hurt!*"

Hunted Anything

IT wasn't necessarily a bumblebee hunt they would start on when a gang of boys got together for a real hunt. They'd hunt anything in the woods —snakes, rats, birds, wasp nests, hornets or bumblebees. When they started hunting, they took everything as it came. And usually, they found a bumblebee nest on the excursion.

Jim Gray, past postmaster of Camp Wood, who spent his boyhood near Goliad, said:

"You know boys had a heap different pastime then, to what they do now. We

BUMBLE BEES

If you were lucky enough to be a country boy, this piece will bring back memories to you

never had much to play with—no toys like they have now, but we never lacked excitement. We used to all get together and start out on a big hunt."

"Deer hunt or bear hunt?" I asked.

"Rabbit hunt, of course. But on the hunts, we nearly always had a bumblebee nest located that we wanted to get before we got home. We didn't have any guns either, for we caught rabbits with our dogs. There would be eight or ten boys get together on Sunday afternoons. One had furnished a wagon and another had furnished some oxen. Each boy had two or three dogs apiece. Dog fights? Gosh, yes. After they'd go huntin' together a few times, they'd get used to each other and stop fighting. But the boys had about as many fights as the dogs. We'd fight over the dogs, the rabbits—oh, anything.

"But we always had plenty of rabbits in camp, which showed what good dogs we had. We carried cold bread and salt along, and roasted the rabbits over the fire. They tasted pretty good, we thought. We ate 'em anyway. Well, we'd start home, and we were sure to stir up a bumblebee nest or a wasp nest. We'd cut bundles of blood weeds to fight the bumblebees. You can kill 'em in a little while, but law, directly you'd see some old boy throw his weeds down and squall. They sure did hurt when they stung you.

"If you go within twenty feet of one when he's a-flyin', you can hear 'im. That's the way we always located 'em. All you had to do was get up close to their nest and they immediately took up the question, for they considered it their place of business. We would entice 'em out and go to work. Then when we got 'em all killed, we'd dig down into the nest and get the honey.

Wasp Fights Different

WHEN you get into a scrap with wasps, you have to fight 'em a whole lot different to the bumblebees. You can't fight wasps off yourself' you have to fight 'em *off* the other fellow while he fights 'em off of you. I'll never forget one old boy we had it in for. We made it up to fix 'im next wasp nest we come to, so when we found one, we stirred it up. Of course, he thought we'd fight 'em off of him, but we ran instead, and left that poor boy to fight 'em off of himself. They nearly stung him to death. We didn't ever play such a sorry trick on anybody else."

Away Went Horses And Wagons!

AND how could a fellow know when he might run over a bumblebee nest in a wagon? Bob Davis, former county judge of Uvalde County, who tells of certain bumblebee experiences he has had, remembers one that happened in later years.

"After I was a grown man and married," he said, "I went up to Kerrville to carry a load of wool and mohair. Arthur Janes was along with another wagon and on the way back, we met old man W. P. Holms and his son, Neville. It was up on the head of the Guadalupe River. We pulled out of the road to let Mr. Holms pass, but he stopped and got to talking. Arthur's wagon was right in front of mine and each one of us was driving four horses apiece. Mr. Holms had two horses at the wheel of his wagon and two mules in the lead.

"I had got out of the wagon and was standing talking to Mr. Holms and didn't notice that I had stopped my wagon right on top of a bumblebee nest. I don't know why none of us got stung but we didn't—the bumblebees took to the horses instead. Law, but business picked up all of a sudden. I can hear Mr. Holms yelling: 'Get them mules, Neville! Whoa, Miner, Whoa!' But he couldn't hold 'em, and away they went down the country. Well, I got to laughing and watching 'em and let my horses run clear off with the wagon. Of all the kicking and pitching and running that was taking place out on that prairie! They tore the harness all to pieces and got loose from the wagon. Looked like they were leaving the country. Mine were going one direction and Mr. Holms the opposite, but Neville was hangin' on trying to hold the mules down, and he finally got 'em stopped. I didn't know where mine would end up.

"Arthur had to pull out to one side aways and take his horses off the wagon to go catch mine. I laughed till I nearly died, but it sure was disastrous for I had to pitch camp right there and patch harness the rest of the day. All four of my horses had broke away from the wagon and were scattered around, while the wagon was away off in another place. We caught one of my horses about two miles from there and he never had a thing left but a collar and a breastyoke hangin' to him.

"Arthur and I burnt the bumblebees out and always when I passed that place after that, I would notice that pile of ashes. But that wasn't the only place I saw a runaway in that same country. I remember once when I was about twelve or fourteen years old. Old man Jeffries got me to help him move his bees to the Dietert Ranch from where he was ranching up on the divide in Edwards County, and it was awful rough country. These were his honeybees he was moving, and he had a double deck of 'em in the wagon. They are not like bumblebees when they sting. Them doggone bumblebees can sting as much as they want to, but of course you know a honeybee leaves his stinger in you when he hits and that's the end of 'im.

"Well, we had the roughest road in the whole country to take them bees over. Big rocks, stumps, holes—oh, it was bad! I don't know why we ever undertook to move 'em like that, for we had about eight or ten miles to go. But we never got over a mile from the house when they begun gettin' out. He thought he had 'em sealed tight where they couldn't get out, but nothin' could a-stayed sealed over *that* road. They got to comin' out and stingin' us first, then they took to the horses. They got so bad, I left the wagon, but the old man stayed with his team—for awhile anyway. Wasn't long, though. He couldn't hold the horses far; they got to runnin' in earnest. The old man rode to 'em like a circus performer, but he either had to leave the wagon or get thrown out, so he left it. Law, there were beehives in the air, and the wagon was too, about half the time. If the wagon hung on anything, the horses jerked it loose and went on till they tore it all to pieces and threw honey all over the prairie. Rocks and bushes had honey drippin' off of 'em for miles around there. It was two weeks before the old man found one of the horses—he nearly run himself to death. The old man was stung pretty hard, too.

A Jug O' Bumblebees

BUMBLEBEES are not as sociable as honeybees; their communities are not so large. Seldom do you find more than two or three hundred occupying one nest, and in some species not more than fifty or sixty. The common honeybee community, being made up of three classes, numbers from 10,000 to 60,000. A single nest of male bees, or drones, at certain seasons numbers from 600 to 2,000. Also unlike the honeybee, the bumblebee seems to have a peculiarity of hunting for trouble. They were hankering for trouble one time back in 1878, when Webster Witter, a boy who later became a trail hand, had a lone encounter of which he told me

"I was carryin' an old-time Mexican water jug (gourd) from the field," he said, "and run acrost a bumblebee den. I had a little water left in my gourd and set it down so I could punch in their nest with a stick. Well, they were all at home and they sure come out o' there. They all stung me twice apiece and I

(Continued on page 35)

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Wild Old Days

KING OF GRIZZLIES

By GENE SPERRY

Illustrated by Walter J. Wilwerding

FOR more than twenty years Fremont County in Colorado was plagued by a giant grizzly bear who seemed to have a charmed life. From the late 1880's to 1905 the killer bear was hunted by man, but in reality he was more hunter than hunted. At least ten human deaths were attributed to the blood-lusting bear, and ranchers blamed him for destroying approximately 300 head of cattle. Sportsmen claimed that at least 1,000 deer had been killed and devoured by him.

In the early days of the bear's devastating career, a rancher nicknamed him Old Mose and the name stuck. Mothers in Fremont County used his dread name to quiet unruly children. Supernatural deeds were soon attributed to the hairy monster and many legends grew out of the bear's amazing feats of strength and cunning. A pall of terror settled over all the county, for no one could foresee where Old Mose would strike next.

His first known victim, a miner, was out alone cutting mine props in a heavily timbered area not far from his mine. The body was found, badly mangled and torn, in a grove of fir trees. Evidence that the miner had fought hard for his life was clearly indicated by a blood-stained axe.

It was almost a year later that a cowboy named Simmons disappeared. Simmons had come across Old Mose (it could only be him, by the huge tracks) feasting on a cow. With youthful zeal, young Simmons had foolishly roped the great grizzly. Unlike most roped animals, who would have laid back on the rope and struggled to escape, Old Mose had lunged straight for the cowboy and broke his horse's neck with one sweep of a powerful paw. As an empty pistol was found near Simmons' horribly mauled body, it was supposed he had emptied the six-gun at the vicious bear before the creature killed him.

Now Old Mose was hunted with vigor and vengeance. Posses, with dogs, tried to track down the elusive giant. Professional hunters tried everything in their bag of tricks, but to no avail. He could not be found anywhere.

While Old Mose had been seen, shot at and hit, none of these chance encounters had ever seemed to harm the bear in the least. Inevitably, he became known as a phantom bear with a bullet-proof hide.

THROUGH the years many hunters tried to get the wily old bear, for bringing in his carcass would enhance any man's hunting reputation. It was in 1895 that George Radcliffe and two friends tracked Old Mose to a brushy thicket. They circled the oak brush lair, gripping their cocked rifles in tense excitement. Each picked a seperate spot and began worming his way cautiously into the bear's almost impenetrable hiding place.

There was silence in the thicket except for the occasional snap of a cracking branch beneath a hunter's foot. Suddenly there was a shuddering growl in the depths of the thicket, followed by an agonized scream from Radcliffe and a single rifle shot. The other hunters rushed to the spot, and Old Mose rushed out between them unhit by their hasty shots.

They found Radcliffe dead, his head mauled by one tearing bite of the grizzly's massive jaws and his clothing rip-

ped away by slashing blows from razor-sharp claws.

So another killing was added to the bloody score of Old Mose and he continued to be King of the County.

The story that Old Mose didn't hibernate like ordinary bears was partially proved true when he was tracked down by another hunter in December of 1905. It was now ten years since Radcliffe's death, but men still continued to hope they could bag the cunning killer.

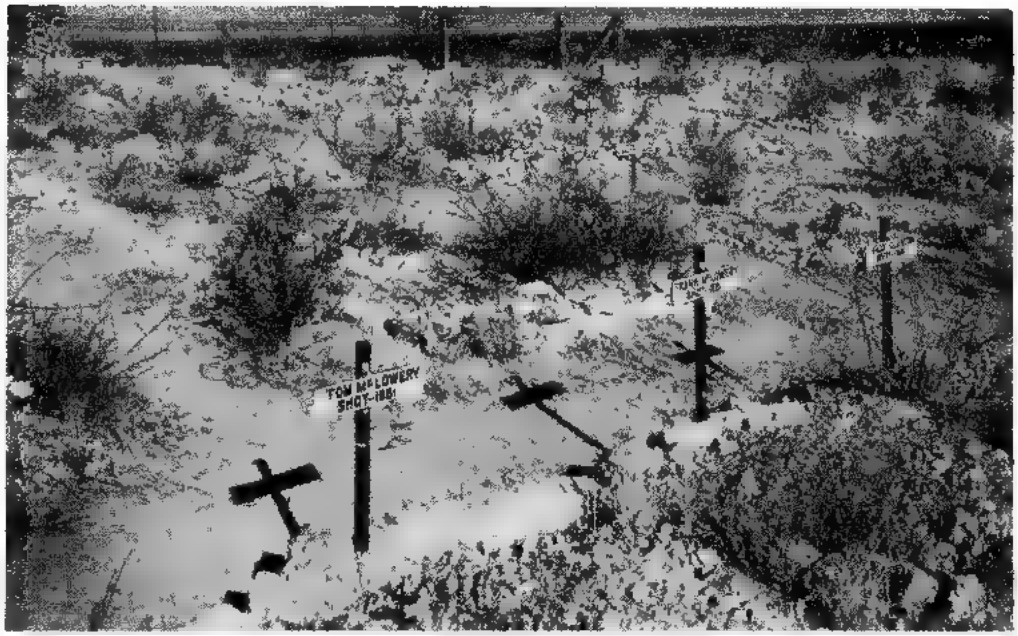
Horton Pigg of the U. S. Biological Survey, and a companion, took out eight bear dogs who had come across the monster's tracks. When they finally closed in, Old Mose completely ignored them; instead he charged head-on at the two hunters standing about forty feet away.

Pigg's companion fired one shot from his .30-30. The bullet grazed Old Mose's spine and brought the bear down on all fours.

But the raking slug didn't stop or even slow his charge. The dogs closed in bravely, and Old Mose delayed long enough to quickly slash five of them to death. Horton Pigg took instant advantage of the delay by pumping seven bullets into the big grizzly's body. The old bear went down at a distance of fifteen feet and rolled to the hunter's feet. The King of the Grizzlies was dead!

Old Mose had wintered well and dressed out a little over 1,000 pounds without the hide. Twenty bullets of various calibers were found in his body. Five revolver slugs were imbedded in the heavy breast bone, probably put there years before by the cowboy Simmons.

A Canyon City butcher shop bought the carcass and Christmas shoppers were offered Old Mose at ten cents a pound.



Boothill grave yard in Tombstone, Arizona. Photo courtesy Paul's Photos.

BOOTHILL REST

By C. Daniel Youngs

The gilas and the lizards creep
Above the hollows where we sleep,
But weathered rock and blowing sands
Immobilize our once quick hands.

We gally rode the owlhoot trail,
Our six-guns keeping us from jail,
Yet—once our hands were slow to fill—
So now we're sleeping on Boothill.

THE GENT WITH THE BARBECUED STERN!

By LEW STONER

GUESS it was about 1906 when I met in Reno, Nevada, a fattish, elderly gent with a bald head and a glass eye. He was also possessed of much eloquence and a vivid imagination; two qualities essential to his then vocation of mining promoter. His *modus operandi*, which I learned later, was to register at a third-class hotel in any large city, and to do his drinking and smoking in the bars and lounges of the *best* hotels. After sizing up the prospects and learning their identities and business associations, he would await an opportunity to introduce himself to them. This usually occurred when two or three patrons of the hotel were having a nightcap at the bar. Fat stuff would waddle up to them, folding up a telegram which he seemingly found difficult to insert into his breast pocket.

"Excuszhe me, gen'lmen—I jush got some wunnerful news . . . and I'm all alone. But I wanna shelebrate jush a little anyhow. May I buy you gen'lmen jush one lil drink?"

If the suckers humored the celebrant, the one little drink became two or three, and the telegram was unfolded. It contained an urgent summons to a mining camp where "we" had just opened up a vein two feet wide and going better than two thousand dollars per ton. The final tap was this: "Gen'lmen, I know you think I'm a little drunk. I am—but that ish more from thish good newsh than this whishkey, I assure you! And because I like all of you, I am jush ashking that you give me your cards. Then, when I'm at the claim day after tomorrow, I will shtake each one of you out a claim. I will have it recorded and it won't cost you a cent—and it could make your fortunes!"

AFTER this pitch, nothing happened until the following January. Then, every donor of a card received a letter on an engraved letterhead, stating that the one addressed "may recall my promise of a mining claim, thereafter duly filed and recorded as the enclosed papers and title to you will attest. As you know, a mining claim is valid only if work, commonly called assessment work, to the value of not less than $100, is done upon it each year by its owner. We are now having this work done upon all our claims, and will attend to having it also done upon yours if you will send your check for the required amount. If you do not wish to keep the title, will you be so kind as to inform us, so that we may relocate it for ourselves?"

Followed a candid statement that "this claim is adjacent to one of proven value," and that however valuable it might be, the "ordinary honesty" of the writer compelled him to urge the "owner" to retain it, at least until such time as his own company would be compelled to offer a fair price for it.

No, this slickery gentleman did not go south with those hundred-dollar checks. That involved fraud, and he was a very honest gentleman indeed. He just got a couple of chumps (one of them was me) to run down to Goldfield with him and help him dig a few trenches which would constitute the assessment work upon some claims he had, before we all left to investigate a "lost mine" in Colorado, of which he had the secret in an age-yellowed document. Those handed-out claims all "cornered together," and one short trench at the corners, together with a few confusing "monuments of location," served as something recordable for four claims. On the basis of four claims handed out at $100 apiece, the profit would have been $300 even if the crook had paid for the digging.

At Goldfield we made camp at a cabin on another of the claims of this slippery gentleman of fortune. In it were two boys, brothers he had talked into working on it for their grub and a promise. One youth was perhaps twenty-four, the other in his 'teens.

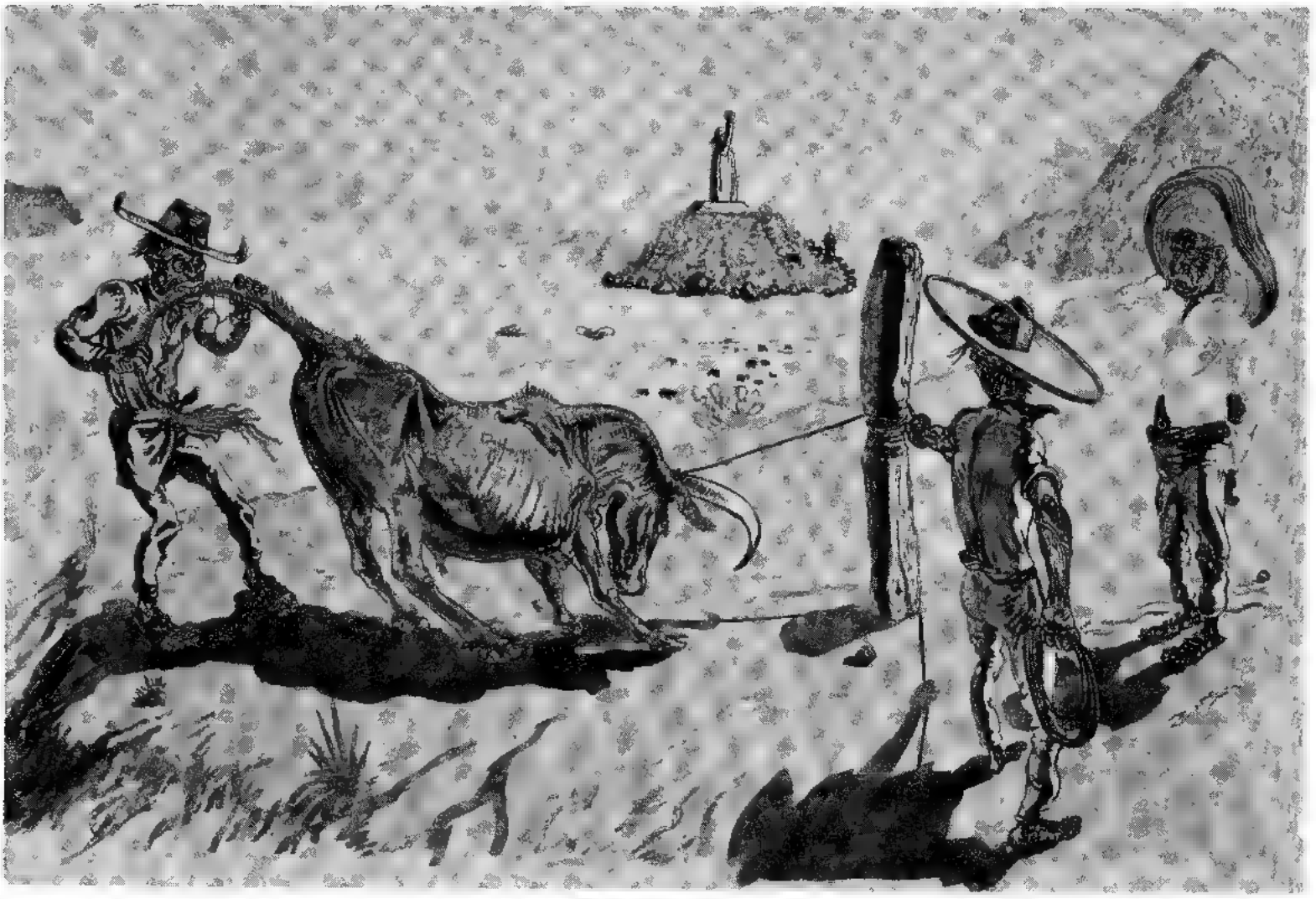
THE first day we built a fire in the stove in that cabin, I saw that it was a most unusual stove. Not as to type. It was the usual sheetiron box on bent sheetiron legs, thereabouts called a "sagebrush stove," in which a single piece of bent sheetiron formed the firebox and the space above its oven. The funny thing about it was that it was transparent, or anyhow translucent, as to its firebox, and this because it was perforated with a myriad of tiny holes.

I asked the older boy the reason for this, and he replied:

"You know this big fat feller's big fat partner, up in Reno? Well, he got into some kind of woman trouble there and he came here to lay low for awhile. The lazy slob'd lay in the bunk there every morning until we had a fire built and breakfast ready to eat. After he et, he'd climb back into his bunk and lay there all day hittin' the bottle and readin' a book. Left the dishes stay dirty. Never lugged in a bucket of water or rustled sagebrush for the stove. Never done a damn thing but eat, sleep, and drink.

"Well, one cold mornin' he just laid there until we was ready to leave. He was layin' with his back to the stove, and that big, fat, bare rump of his'n stickin' out from under the blankets just three feet from the stove. So I chucked a handful of dynamite caps into that firebox and went out the door. You kin

(Continued on page 46)



"The Cow Killers"

Drawings by Bill Leftwich

Text by Fred Gipson

From the book "The Cow Killers," published by The University of Texas Press, Austin, 1956.

A REPUTABLE ASSASSIN

IN the town of Tiquicheo, in the state of Michoacán, lived an old man and his son. Between them they owned one cow. The cow bore a calf. It was a strong, robust calf, and sight of it aroused greed in the son's heart.

The son said to his father, "This is *my* calf."

"No," the old man said. "It is but half your calf. The other half is mine."

But the son was stubborn, and they argued for days and became bitter and resentful of one another.

At last the greedy son became so angry that he hired an assassin to kill his father. The price of murder was high, two hundred pesos, but the assassin was a reputable one who could recall with justifiable pride forty assassinations performed with such remarkable skill that not once had the finger of suspicion been pointed at him or at the one who hired him.

But the greatest of skill is no wall against misfortune. In some mysterious manner, the father learned of the plot to take his life and he made preparations for the event.

From a secret hiding place, he took a .44 caliber revolver, preserved since the days of *La Revolución*. With great care he cleaned and oiled and loaded the gun. When he slept that night, it was with the revolver lying on the floor mat beside him, the hammer drawn back to full cock.

The killer came early. In the first faint light of dawn, he knocked at the old man's door and called to him in the friendly tones of a neighbor.

He heard the old man grunt sleepily, heard the snap and crackle of his stiff old joints as he arose from his mat, heard the shuffling whisper of his bare feet on the hard-packed earthen floor as he came to the door.

Silently, the assassin drew his long murder knife and made ready to strike.

But, instead of flinging wide the door, as the killer had anticipated, the old man opened it merely a crack, saw the dark figure, saw the drawn knife, and fired.

Echoes of the shot raced through the town, shouting the alarm; but in Mexico gunfire is no uncommon thing, so The People slept on.

The old man stood, gun held ready, for the moment it took the dark figure of the assassin to sag and crumple to the ground. Then he closed the door and returned to his mat, where he resumed his sleep until the sun was warm on the side of his hut and the police came knocking at his door.

ACCORDING to their duty, the police questioned the old man; but his explanation was simple and logical, and the body of the assassin, with a hole in his belly, verified his story. So the police departed to question the son. At his home they learned that only that morn-

ing the son had left early on a long journey into another state, where he had urgent business to transact.

Since, in Mexico, to chase down and apprehend a criminal who has fled to another state is seldom deemed worthy of the effort and costs involved, the police shrugged their shoulders and went back to the station.

Later in the morning, a taxi arrived from the neighboring town of Morelia. It drove up and stopped at the old man's door. The driver explained that he had been sent to pick up the body by a kinsman of the dead assassin. The kinsman was a man of some position in Morelia and could not afford to risk the possible disgrace of having it said that he would not give proper burial to a relative.

Several men of Tiquicheo who were about to make a trip to Morelia saw the taxi. They came to bargain with the driver. They argued long and heatedly and at last agreed upon the price they would pay for a ride.

The old man stood in the warm sunshine outside his house and watched the travelers depart. They rode with their feet propped up on the body of the dead assassin, while they leaned from the taxi windows and waved cheerful farewells to friends and neighbors who had come to tell them to go with God. And after they were gone, the old man spent several moments with his head bent, gravely considering a matter that had been on his mind since the day the calf was born.

At last, he came to a decision. Turning to his corral, he let down the bars and drove the cow and calf out and on across town to where members of *La Comisión* were vaccinating.

He said to the gringos: "This is *my* cow and *my* calf. It is my wish that you pick them with the needle in order that they do not take the sickness and die."

THE BITE

GRINGO members of *La Comisión* were men of great skill and ability. None could deny this fact. They had attended the schools and acquired much useful knowledge. They could read the books. They could fill out papers in such a manner that the government would pay them well. They could repair a broken rifle, make a balky jeep engine run, and often had skill with the medicines.

Yet, there were times when they revealed such an ignorance of simple matters that it was truly astonishing.

For example. In a lake called Patzcuaro, in the state of Michoacan, there is an island called Jaracuaro. To this island the rancheros often swim their herds, that the cattle may graze and grow fat upon the lush grass growing there.

To this island, in a small boat, came the gringo Bill Leftwich, with his second man, to pick cattle for the sickness.

The first animal to be snared by Leftwich's loop was a *bravo*, a wild and recalcitrant steer from the mountains. He had great strength, this *bravo* did, and great spirit, as well as great stubbornness. He snorted and ran and kicked and bawled and fought until the gringos finally succeeded in throwing a hitch over the snubbing post. Then he balked. He stood with his four feet braced and refused to allow his head to be drawn up against the post and tied.

Yet this had to be done. For only a fool would attempt to stick a needle into the neck of an angry *bravo* with horns as wicked as drawn sabers and with the ability to kick a tick off his nose with either hind foot.

So, one gringo continued to pull on the rope while the other twisted the *bravo's* tail and swore great oaths and whipped him with a braided rawhide whip and sweated and swore some more. And still the stubborn one held his feet in his tracks.

At last the one called Leftwich lost patience. He kicked the steer, driving a boot into the stubborn one's belly with such force and violence that tears came into his eyes and he all but fainted with the pain of his injured big toe.

Not until then did one of the herdsmen step forward to say, with true vaquero politeness, "*Senor,* if it is your wish, I will favor him with the bite."

"The bite?" Leftwich asked. "I do not understand the bite."

"It is a simple method that we vaqueros use," the man said, "but it has a certain value."

"If it will move that steer, it will have great value," Leftwich declared.

The vaquero nodded. "With your permission, *senor,*" he said.

Then he caught up the tail of the steer and bit down hard upon it with white and smiling teeth.

To the watching vaqueros, the *bravo's* bellow of pain and his sudden leap forward lacked the merit of surprise. They had expected it. What astonished them was the expressions that came into the faces of the gringos as the bellowing steer, head lowered and tongue protruding from his mouth, rushed toward the snubbing post.

So startled was the second man that he barely remembered in time to take up the slack in his rope before the pain-maddened *bravo* had charged past.

"Why, that's better than a hot-shot!" exclaimed Leftwich in admiration.

The vaqueros inquired into the nature of this "hot-shot." Upon learning that it was a prod pole charged with electricity, they envisioned it, considered its possibilities, and finally discarded it with shrugs of the shoulders.

Of what value, they asked themselves, is the invention of a machine that can accomplish no more than a man's bite?

THE MAN WHO SMOKES LIKE A CHIMNEY

IT must be admitted that among the gringos attached to *La Comisión* were some who in every way proved themselves true *caballeros.* They spoke the language, softly and with exactitude. If they violated a custom, it was only through ignorance, and they were quick to learn. They drank quietly and not too much, showed courtesy to women, and were fair in their dealings with men.

But such could not be said of the *Tejano* of the beer belly, the one who smoked with such constancy that he came to be called *El Hombre Que Fuma Como una Chimenea.*

He was of the "superior race." He was convinced that God, in giving him a skin of such slight pigmentation that the Mexico sun burned his face to the redness of a beet, had also given him the divine right to abuse and insult all whose skins were darker.

He was brutal and contemptuous of the Mexican woman he took to his bed in place of the wife he had left in Texas. In the cantinas, he drank heavily and alone and often paid for his drinks with vicious insults. He had not even the decency to remove his spurs upon entering a stranger's house. As inspector for *La Comisión,* he employed curses for explanations.

So vile was the abuse that he heaped upon a number of rancheros at a corral in the *municipio* of Guanajuato that he was told: "You will go now. And should you return, you will be shot!"

This warning was given in a manner to convince him of its validity, and he went. For, although he knew himself to be superior, he was not at all certain that this superiority would turn a bullet. And never again would he return to that village.

Other gringos who worked with *La Comisión,* and who had almost as little use as the Mexicans for The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney, learned of the incident and made sport out of attempting to devise ways of luring him back to this village. Their efforts failed, however; The Man continued to avoid the village, often riding miles out of his way to reach some place beyond.

Even more often, he went far out of his way to show his contempt for The

(Continued on page 40)

The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney.

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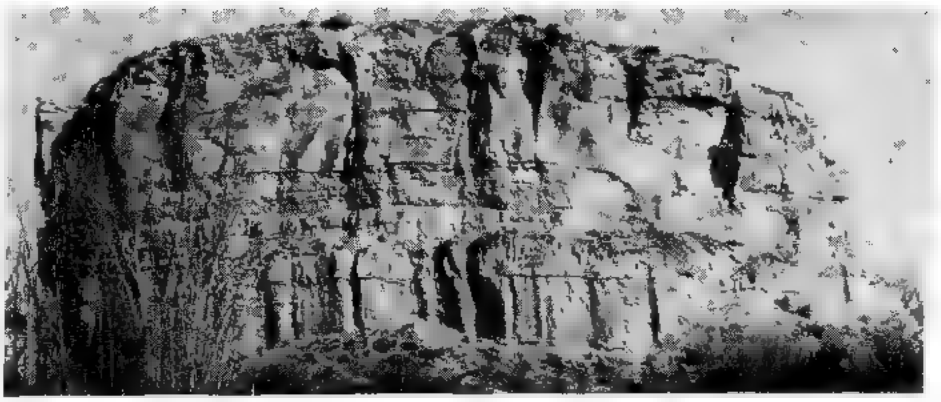

"This remarkable rock I shall call Pompy's Tower." Capt. Clark named the rock in honor of Sacajawea's son, Baptiste. Pomp, meaning chief, was Clark's pet name for the boy.

Sacajawea: Heroine of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

(Continued from page 6)

hunt until enough extra horses were made available for Lewis and Clark.

And that's when the Bird Woman learned another startling bit of news. Chief Cameahwait was seriously considering the massacre of the entire expedition to obtain the rifles of the white men. Again Sacajawea pleaded with her brother, explaining to him that the few guns he would obtain in this manner would be worthless as soon as the powder was gone. History has proved the power of her diplomacy, for not only did the expedition leave the Shoshones without incident, but they also had horses enough to carry the bulk of their equipment. The remaining articles went on the backs of Indian women who were to assist in the portage across the Bitter Root Mountains.

AFTER struggling through early snowstorms, the party finally came upon their first westward flowing stream. Soon afterwards Sacajawea negotiated with a Nez Perce chief who promised to care for the expedition's horses until they should return the following spring.

The rest of the journey was relatively easy. Building themselves canoes, they floated down the Clearwater River to its junction with the Snake. On they continued, down the swift-flowing Snake and into the Columbia. Finally, after camping seventeen miles from the mouth of that great river, on November 7, 1805, Captain Clark wrote in his diary:

"Ocean in view! O! the joy!"

Here at Fort Clatsop on the Lewis and Clark River they established their winter camp. It was then that incidents occurred which were later to be construed as a romance between Sacajawea and Captain Clark. Captain Clark's diary for November 30 reads:

"Sacajawea gave me a piece of bread made of flour which she had reserved for her child and carefully kept until this time, which unfortunately got wet and a little sour—this bread I eat with great satisfaction, it being the only mouthful of such I had tasted for several months past."

Later when Christmas gifts were exchanged, the journals record that Sacajawea presented Captain Clark with two dozen weasel tails.

Up until this time the Bird Woman and Charbonneau had not yet seen the ocean. Then came news that a whale had been washed ashore on the coast. When Sacajawea learned this, she pleaded with the two captains that she and her husband had come a long way and felt that they should be allowed to see the sea and the great fish. Her wish was granted, and it was in later years on the Shoshone reservation and her telling of the whale on the beach that historians were able to identify her properly with the Lewis and Clark expedition.

On March 23, 1806, the homeward journey began and again Sacajawea proved her great worth. She negotiated with the Walla Walla and Chopunnish Indians, and she reclaimed the horses from the Nez Perce. But she served in still another way. Food was less plentiful on the return trip, so the Bird Woman taught the men how to dig Indian turnips, wild carrots and arrowhead roots. She also showed them how to gather and grind wild sunflower seeds and to use other roots, herbs and berries for food.

After crossing the Rockies, the expedition was divided into four parties for further explorations. Sacajawea went with Captain Clark and described the surrounding country in detail for his report. She pointed out Bozeman Pass and led him over a trail which has since been chosen by one of the transcontinental railroads as the shortest route to the Coast.

After rejoining the others at the mouth of the Yellowstone, the entire expedition returned to the Mandan villages where they had spent their first winter. It was there on August 16, 1806, that Charbonneau, Sacajawea and the toddler Jean Baptiste said goodbye to the explorers who departed for St. Louis. Charbonneau received his wages, amounting to $500.33, and the most important chapter of Sacajawea's life came to an end.

LITTLE is heard of the Bird Woman after that August day in spite of the fact that she was to live for another seventy-eight years. Bit by bit, however, the pieces of information fall together and the details of her later life become more clear.

Charbonneau returned to the fur trading business, trapping for awhile in the rivers of the southwest. Several times he and Sacajawea were known to have returned to St. Louis where Captain Clark was assigned as an Indian agent. In 1811 he left Sacajawea, Jean Baptiste and another son, Toussaint, in the care of Clark. Taking Otter Woman with him, they traveled up the Missouri River with the explorer Henry M. Brackenridge. It was on this journey that Otter Woman

died, and for many years some historians felt that it was Sacajawea who had fallen victim of the fever since early journals describe the dead woman as "the wife of Charbonneau, a Shoshone squaw."

Later Charbonneau was reunited with Sacajawea, and he took his family into the region which is now western Oklahoma and Kansas. Here he married a young Ute woman, and later a bitter domestic feud arose between her and Sacajawea. Charbonneau himself brought the feud to a climax when he whipped Sacajawea in the presence of the new wife. After that Sacajawea disappeared from her tepee and left Charbonneau, never to return.

After this unhappy episode in her life, she wandered for some time, finally making her home with a tribe of Comanches. Here she married a member of the tribe named Jerk Meat and with whom she lived for years, giving birth to five children, only two of whom survived. One was a son named Ticannaf and the other a daughter called Crying Basket.

Shortly after the birth of Crying Basket, the youngest of the five, Jerk Meat was killed in battle. From that day Sacajawea's standing with the tribe was reduced and she made another decision. Taking her small daughter with her, she set out again to seek her own tribe. Some historians think she joined the second exploring expedition of John C. Fremont and accompanied him as far as Fort Bridger in Wyoming where she was reunited with her own people who had drifted southward out of Idaho. This was in 1843.

AT FORT BRIDGER, where she was known as Porivo, Sacajawea continued to be an influence. She acted as an interpreter for the Indian agents and was a persuading factor in getting Chief Washakie of the Shoshones to sign the Treaty of 1868 which established a reservation for her people and called for peace with the whites.

Here also she was reunited with her son, Jean Baptiste (whom William Clark had educated in St. Louis), and her adopted boy, Bazil. The latter apparently knew nothing of his foster-mother until he was a grown man. After their reunion, however, the indications are that the relationship between Bazil and Sacajawea was much more intimate than that of the woman and her own son, Baptiste.

Together the three of them were of great aid to their people in the adoption of agriculture by the tribe. Having seen great fields of grain in the south among the Comanches and with the Mormons in the Great Salt Lake area, they explained to the Shoshone people the benefits of agriculture in their new reservation status.

In 1871 Sacajawea, Bazil and his wives, Baptiste and his three wives and Chief Washakie, who also had three wives, migrated into the new reservation in the Wind River Valley of Wyoming, there to remain with their people for the rest of their lives. For Sacajawea that was to be thirteen more years. According to Reverend John Roberts, superintendent of the Indian Mission at Wind River, she was wonderfully active and intelligent to her last days.

F. G. Burnett, the government agricultural agent, said that "up to a few years before she died, Sacajawea looked as young as her son, Bazil; she might have been a sister, or his wife. Sacajawea was a typical Shoshone woman, rather light

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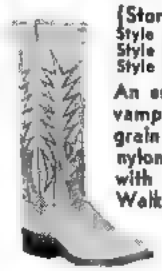

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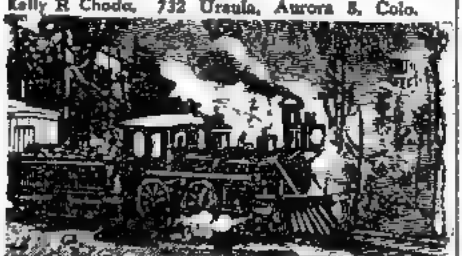

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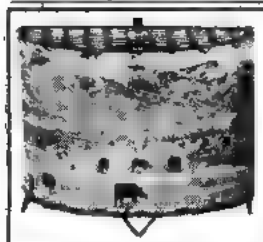

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complexioned for an Indian. I judge her height was about five feet and five inches. She was not fat, as the Shoshone Indian women generally are at that age."

Sacajawea had no last illness, but on the morning of April 9, 1884, she was found lifeless in her tepee. She was in her "shakedown" of blankets and quilts, and death had apparently come during the night.

In the afternoon of the same day, she received a Christian burial in the cemetery of the Shoshone reservation. In that regard, Reverend Roberts' parish records state: "Bazil's mother, Shoshone, one hundred years; residence, Shoshone Agency; cause of death, old age; place of burial, Burial Grounds, Shoshone Agency."

At first only a wooden marker denoted her grave, but she has since been remembered with a cement monument at the site.

She has not been forgotten for her part in the opening of the Far West, for a river, a peak and a mountain in Montana bear her name. A bronze statue of her was exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. There is another bronze statue in Portland, Oregon; a statue at the capitol in Bismarck, North Dakota; a boulder with bronze tablet at Three Forks, Montana; a monument at Armstead, Montana; a public fountain at Lewiston, Idaho. Other memorials pay tribute to her all along the original Lewis and Clark trail, from the Dakotas to the Pacific Coast.

And so it was that Lewis and Clark wrote of her greatest exploit: "She was very observant. She had a good memory, remembering locations not seen since her childhood. In trouble she was resourceful, plucky and determined. With her helpless infant she rode with the men, guiding us unerringly through mountain passes and lonely ways. Intelligent, cheerful, resourceful, tireless, faithful, she inspired us all."

Texas Talk

(Continued from page 19)

nearly any place in the state, you can find people who set up with their sick, who'll go for woman-cooking a lot faster than for restaurant grub, who'll wait for the wind to lay before they go hunting or fishing, and who'll fist-fight you all over a two-acre piece of ground if you're not careful to keep your jaw bridled.

NO FANCY FIXINGS

ALL over Texas, folks come to visit a spell. And they'll tell you right off that they don't want you or your woman to put yourselves out none on their account, that they're not expecting fancy fixings and will be glad to make out with whatever can be throwed together without too much trouble. But they sure do appreciate the woman who sets a good table; only, before you call dinner, they do expect you to invite them to wash up and comb first. And since it's not mannerly just to eat and run, the chances are, they'll still be on hand later in the evening when you might feel the need to strike a blow for liberty. In case your little woman isn't the kind to raise a fuss when you haul out a bottle.

And they'll strike with you, blow for blow, claiming that the only way is to drink it straight, but generally calling for a little bit of branch water to cut it with, on account of they've been slightly off their feed lately. Not enough water, however, to put out the fire, understand. Anybody who'd ruin good whiskey, mixing it with a lots of junk and drinking it she-fashion, don't belong in Texas.

When this visitor finally decides to leave, along about early milking time, it's expected that you'll say, "Well, y'all be sure and come again." To which he'll say, "Well, we sure will, and y'all come." And then you say, "Well, we sure will." And how many times these expressions are swapped back and forth has to do with how agreeable the visit has been to all parties concerned.

And of course, here in Texas, like everywhere else, you can find some poor old boy who's let whiskey get the upper hand of him, so that just a couple of get-acquainted drinks will start bringing his cows home early and hanging his goose high. Another one has him loaded to the gills, and by the time he's gulped-and-shuddered down the one for the road, he's on a high lonesome, so wall-eyed he couldn't hit the ground with his hat in three throws.

By morning, of course, he resembles the losing end of a dog fight; and what with both eyeballs laying out on his cheeks, he looks worse. The first drink of water will turn him wrong-side-out, all but making him throw up his spurs. He'll be the first to admit that on its way back up, that stuff sure don't taste as good as it did going down, and that from the way he feels right now, all he lacks being a permanent cripple is a handful of pencils on a street corner.

THE LADIES

ANYWHERE in the state, too, you can locate sharp operators who are always keeping a weather eye out for a big deal that they can get well on. With any luck, they'll come out with money to burn; but if they happen to a bad accident, and wind up with their tails in a crack, you can bet they'll keep as shut-mouthed as a brace of convicts about the fix they've got themselves into.

And all over the state, we've got plenty of good women, a certain number of high-rollers who aren't a bit backward about spreading their bait around, and a scattering of the sort that were weaned on pickles. And too often, the good women wind up married to some sorry rake not worth the powder and lead it'd take to shoot him, while the high-rollers

"No! No! You're supposed to rope the little ones."

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grab off the big-money men, leaving the honest, hard-working, salt-of-the-earth kind of old boys to be picked over and led a dog's life by the pickles. If the going gets too rough for some of these good old boys, they'll sometimes balk and get to stepping out of the traces now and then. Sometimes it even gets so bad he and his wife split the blanket. But generally speaking, they stay in harness and pull their part of the load, making out the best they can with what they've got, and looking on the woman trap they fell into as nature's way of keeping the man in his place, and the human race going.

TOWN TALK

NOW, so far, I've been airing my views on the speech of country folks, giving the town folks the run-around. And I didn't go to do that. Because, like between Piney Woods speech and Cow Country talk, Texas town talk is some different from all the rest. Yet when a man gets right down to trying to single out this difference, he soon finds himself working in a mighty thin shade.

However, my wife, who was raised a town girl, hubbed a few stumps when she first began to mingle with the folks around here in the mesquites.

I remember one time when she asked some neighbors in for a little after-dinner visit and was sort of put out with them when they arrived around two o'clock in the afternoon, before she'd had her nap out. So I had to explain that here evening means any time after dinner, which is lunch, and that dinner is supper.

And then there was the time that my coon-hunting neighbor Charlie Sanders showed up at the house, packing across his shoulder a hollow log full of wild bees he was taking home to hive. Tommie adjusted to that situation all right, but then she created one of her own. She hit Charlie up to locate her some andirons for our new fireplace. She figured maybe Charlie would run onto some antique irons that country folks would sell at a bargain.

Well, when she said andirons, Charlie didn't have any more notion than a bob-tailed pack rat what she was trying to get at. And he never did catch on until she got down on her hands and knees and showed him just where they'd sit inside the fireplace.

"Oh, you're talking about dog-orns!" Charlie exclaimed. "Why'nt you say so in the first place? Good godamighty, girl, where was you raised, not to know what to call things?"

The one that stumped her the worst though, I reckon, was the time she set out to hire a neighbor woman for a housekeeper.

"All right, come a Tuesday, I'll be there to hope you out," the woman said.

Since from the start, and regardless of wages they'd agreed upon, the woman had insisted upon playing the role of a neighbor, helping us out in a tight, Tommie let that part of it slide. But the time element happened to be important.

"But it's *next* Tuesday I'll need you," Tommy explained. "Not just any Tuesday."

"That's what I said, honey. Come a Tuesday," the neighbor agreed—and Tommie had to wait till *next* Tuesday to learn for sure if she'd understood right.

IN spite of all the language scholars and expert teachers of English, coun-

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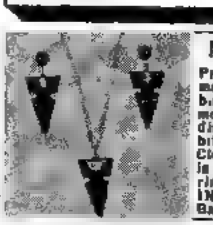
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try folks like Charlie and this neighbor woman have had more to do with building our speech than anybody else. And I reckon that's been true in every country, all back down through the ages. But now, what with the coming of the Radio and Television Age, I can see where that situation is liable to be swapped about in a hurry.

I figure it won't be no time now till the town folks'll be taking over the whole show, and every Texan will be talking just like every other Texan and all Texans will be using the same speech that everybody in the whole English-speaking world will have picked up from the radio and television sets.

For an old die-hard like me, that's going to be rough. I've always had a real keen listening ear, and I'm going to miss the special flavor that belongs to Texas talk.

Before my friend Laughing Jim died, I always loved to hear him talk. Jim had been raised old-time Texas and never had been exposed to enough book-learning to spoil his speech. He talked just like he wanted to and always to the point, and I do believe he could draw a clearer and more colorful picture of any happening he chose to talk about than any man I ever heard.

I don't think I'll ever forget the time that he and another man had a little difficulty, which they ironed out real quick in a cutting scrape. Well, it was a sort of bloody fracas, which, of course, brought the law down on them, so that they got hauled up in court.

Witnesses on both sides were mighty loyal to the man they were testifying for. So the testimony didn't always jibe too well. And what with the jackleg lawyers fogging the issue with every legality they could lay hand to, the judge found himself on a high limb, not quite sure which way to jump.

Finally, after listening to the wrangle for a couple of days, the judge's patience wore thin; so he waved his big stick at the court and called on Jim to take the stand.

"Now, Jim," he said. "I want you to get up there and tell in your own words just what happened between you and the plaintiff."

"Well, Jedge," Jim said, "there wasn't really nothing much to it. This here bird drawed his sticker and reached for the back of my neck with it. This makes me mad, and I outs with mine and steps inside his reach. Slips the blade into his flank and takened a walk around him. Cuts him till he quits hollering, then lets him fall. And I swear to God, Jedge, this was every little thing that takened place between us."

I sure hate to see old-time Texas speech like that play out. At my age, I look for it to be a terrible strain to learn a new way of talking. But I guess I'll be forced to do it. Trying to stop a speech from changing is like trying to fight shy of death. A man can squirm and twist and kick and holler till he runs out of breath, but it won't make no never-mind. He's still a gone gosling.

Back at the start of this piece, I laid off to grab a shorthair hold on an Eastern book critic and wipe up the earth with him; but with all this talking, seems like I got sort of side-tracked from the notion Which seems to be natural with us Texans. We're all pretty long-winded. Give us plenty of room to air our views, and we'll generally talk ourselves out of the worst kind of a mad.

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"The Heck You Say, Dr. Harrington!"

(Continued from page 31)

Find Montezuma's Treasure?" by Car Howe. Your publication is the first to print a theory coinciding with my own views on this subject.

As a miner and cowboy in the west at various times since 1936, I have found substantial corroborating evidence that the Jacob Walz mine is related to the Montezuma Gold Cache. My theory and data was published a number of years ago by the Durango, Colorado, newspaper and a copy is still available at the University of Colorado Library at Boulder, Colorado. I also visited and explored the famous Montezuma Cave at Kanab, Utah, which possibly is a decoy cave or first cache (later removed) of the Montezuma Cave. (See October 1, 1949, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* for further data.) Story was, "Anybody's Gold Mine."

Contrary to popular belief, there is substantial reason to believe in the Montezuma-Walz-Peralta Mine. I believe that the Walz Mine contains gold in hollow goose quills, bullion, nuggets, and also a large collection of gold and silver artifacts including jade and turquoise on a stone horizontal rock surface.

At Dove Creek, Colorado, there are carved mysterious symbols corresponding to the Aztec *Calendario Piecho del Sol*, discovered in 1792 and now in the Mexico City National Museum. These symbols are compass point carvings and indicate a ring of seven mountains similar to the seven mountains at the Kanab, Utah, location. In one of these mountains is reputedly buried the Montezuma Treasure in Colorado in the Four Corner area. However, it is also very possible that a portion of this great seventy million dollar treasure is buried in the Superstition Mountains near Apache Junction, Arizona.

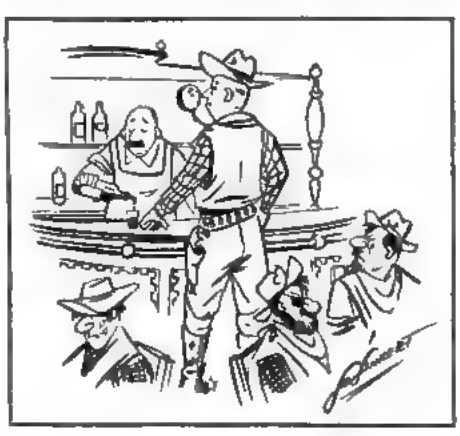
That the Montezuma treasure is no myth was verified by Cortez himself in his history of the conquest of Mexico. Cortez acquired a seven million dollar chunk (gold) of the Aztec National Treasure of 1520, A.D.

More research data is being brought to light on the Walz-Peralta Mine and may some day reveal the location of these storied treasures.—Roy A. Wykoff, Jr., Mounted Route 2, Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Editor of *True West:*

This letter doesn't have anything to do with Dr. Harrington's article specifically, but it does have to do with a famous "lost mine," and so may be appropriate.

Briefly, I've just run across a back issue of your magazine (April, 1956)



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containing George R. Monagan's article "Dutchman's Lost Mine Found?", and unable to take any more such "barnyard spread," I would like to speak my piece.

It's obvious that Monagan and several other "Lost Dutchman" writers living in the Goldfield, Arizona, area, are trying to capitalize on some free advertising in order to promote the sale of their mining claims that are worthless for anything but real estate.

My husband, Chuck, and I have been active in the Superstition Mountain area for twenty-two years and we have lived in East Boulder Canyon, deep in the Superstition Range, for the past twelve years. We have worked hard at sifting the truth from all the information available concerning the Dutchman's lost mine, as well as the lost Spanish mines of this area. All this time I've sat back and watched these writers glorifying the Goldfield area because sitting behind a typewriter there, only a few miles up the Apache Trail from the nearest bar, was far easier than coming into these mountains and gathering some true facts for their books and articles. Many of the "facts" they cite are completely ridiculous.

For example: Monagan's proposal that the four saguaro cacti "point" to a mine is utterly absurd. A few minutes travel in any direction across this desert will reveal similar stands of saguaro pointing just as indiscriminately. Also, there were plenty of drunken miners in Goldfield during its heyday who could have chopped the cross on the other saguaro. Let's give old Walz enough credit to know which would make the better marker—four cacti or Four Peaks, a 7,500 foot mountain ridge dominating the horizon a few miles north of here.

I might add that, of all the signs and symbols to be found here in the mountains, the one proclaiming: "Pedro Peralta slept here—1849," is the least authentic, having been put up with modern white enamel paint by some campers in 1949, a hundred years later than Monagan proposes!

Space does not allow me to expose the many other fallacies concerning these mountains and their hidden mines, but enough FACTS are now available, after years of patient research, to prove the existence of the Dutchman's lost mine and a number of lost Spanish mines in the Superstition and Mazatzal Ranges without having to resort to invented tales.—Alice (Peggy) Aylor, P. O. Box 105, Apache Junction, Arizona.

Wow! This gal deals 'em straight from the shoulder, doesn't she? But I dunno, Peg, about banging a typewriter being easier than prowling the mountains. Did you ever have a deadline to meet, with the boss breathing down your neck and swearing to himself? Personally, we'd take the mountains!

We are indebted to Jack Parberry, our Number One Booster, for this interesting letter on the Lost Blue Bucket Mine. Jack sent it along to us from his home at Scio, Oregon, after obtaining Mr. Sandner's permission.

Dear Mr. Parberry:

. . . Perhaps you have heard of the Lost Blue Bucket Mine in Eastern Oregon around Burns. The emigrants found it, but had to leave due to Indians on the warpath. Everyone in the outfit perished except one young man of nineteen and his mind was affected by the ordeal. He told John C. Miller where the mine

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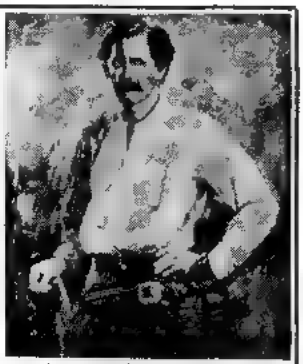

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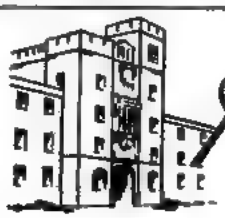

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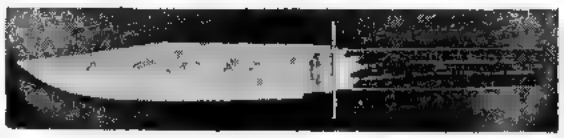

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was located, as near as he could. It turned out that Miller came within thirty miles of the mine.

In 1914, John Miller's son Earl found the mine while out hunting. After removing three and a half gunny sacks of gold, he concealed the mine and it has never been found since. Earl took the gold and asked his sister what to do with it. She said to bury it. (Earl was fourteen, Bessie nineteen.) The gold was removed many miles from the mine and buried. Later arrangements were made with the Ranger to pick up the gold with a Democrat drawn by four horses and have the bank ship it to the mint. The money was placed to Earl's credit in the bank.

Three years later, Earl was on an Army vessel 635 miles out of Frisco when the vessel was torpedoed or hit a mine. At any rate, Earl was blown high in the air and landed in the water. He was one of the three men picked up three days later. He suffered a "mind block" and there are still about three years of his subsequent life he cannot put together. He forgot about the gold until about 1947. This led to an investigation and fourteen bankers were convicted for embezzling the money that belonged to Earl. The government got the money and Earl is waiting now for the government to pay him. Every time he goes down to Oregon he is followed by people who think he is going to the mine. He will not go there because he would only get shot after he uncovered it.

I listened to his description of the mine. As he describes it, it is a very rich broken-down quartz stringer such as has been found in Africa and a few other places. Earl says he doubts that he can find all the sacks of gold he has buried at various places. He is rather hard up at present while waiting for the government to pay him his money.—Byron E. Sandner, Rt. 4, Box 1037, Puyallup, Washington.

Well, as Barry Storm so aptly writes, "there really is no equalling the romance and fascination of hunting lost mines." And so, to wrap up this piece, we'd say that we all owe Doc Harrington a vote of thanks for inspiring all these wonderful letters. Anyhow, muchas gracias, doc, from True West. We've enjoyed it all—and we're pretty sure you have too.

Ghost Town Guardian

(Continued from page 15)

his grizzled head and says: "Man, you wouldn't believe it if I told you. Just say the sky was the limit on everything you can think of—and some things you can't!"

NEAR the turn of the century, Silver's richer veins petered out and the mine shafts began to fill up with seepage. The rising water spelled her finish, yet some stubborn citizens hung on and refused to admit that Silver was practically through producing ore. The slow, dull years marched on and in 1935 Silver City really lost out for good when the county seat was moved to Murphy. In 1942 the last of Silver City's mines shut down, and the following year post office and telephone service was discontinued. In 1948 the road from the valley was improved, and the Kiwanis Club of Payette, Idaho, labelled the historic buildings. The old Silver Queen was now officially a ghost town.

But to Bill Hawes, Silver was still the glamorous gal of the past. He stayed on, living alone, the only permanent resident in a spectral town of weather-beaten buildings and empty streets and alleys, where only the mournful creak of a loose shutter in the wind or the thin scream of a circling hawk ever breaks the brooding silence.

Bill is contented and proud to be the lone guardian of a ghost town. He has grown to *like* Silver in her desolate old age. "Here I have time to think and figure things out for myself," says Bill. "I watch the clouds and listen to the wind during the day, and at night I read and listen to my radio. I do as I please—go fishing or hunting whenever I've a mind to. There's no pressure on me to do a durned thing—if I don't want to do it!"

As an Owyhee County Deputy Sheriff, Bill's chief duty is to prevent vandals from breaking into the sagging buildings and to discourage relic hunters from "carrying off the whole doggone town, piece by piece." One ghoulish visitor was industriously prying up a wooden cross in the cemetery when Bill threw down on him with his shotgun and ran him out of town on the double. "I was plumb mad—felt like saltin' his tail with birdshot!" recalls Bill indignantly.

Other and more reputable visitors come to Silver, however. Every spring "a whole raft of folks" drive up from the Snake River Valley towns and ranches. Fifty hardy souls have fixed up the best of the rickety wooden buildings as weekend summer homes. Several of the more enterprising of the summer visitors set up souvenir shops to entice the occasional wide-eyed tourists who venture into Silver City between spring and fall. Not too many tourists make it, since the nearest settled town is Murphy, Idaho—about twenty-four miles down a winding dirt road.

THE happiest time of the year for Bill comes after the last tourist has disappeared and all the summer folks have packed up and left. "They're all nice folks and I like 'em," explains Bill, "but they're people and they interfere with my thinking." Whistling merrily, he backs his ancient pickup truck out of the shed and drives to Murphy to stock up enough supplies and reading matter to last him through the long, cold winter.

Back home again, he checks the webbing of his bearpaw snowshoes for brok-

". . . I remain, yours very truly, Chief Redhorse . . . Smoke signal that right away, Miss Running Water."

en thongs and inspects his skis to be in readiness for the first big snowstorm of the year. Once a day, regardless of the weather or depth of the snow (it sometimes reaches the eaves of the houses), he makes his rounds through town—past the cemetery where hundreds of pioneers lie buried, the brewery that once supplied beer to saloons throughout Owyhee County, the abandoned ore mills, and the forlorn and long-deserted schoolhouse where Silver's children studied their three R's—"readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmatic." One of those kids was the late United States Senator, John Nugent; another was a bandit who lost his life in a battle with a local lawman; a third was Bill Hawes.

Yes, winter is the rewarding time of the year for Bill—especially the hours he spends before the fireplace in a downstairs room of the old Hawes General Store, now a souvenir shop in the summer. Here he sits in his big, comfortable armchair, gazes into a crackling hardwood fire and thinks his long, calm thoughts. Here are his guns and fishing tackle and all the cherished mementoes a man gathers in a long, happy, busy lifetime. Here, while the blizzard howls outside and beady-eyed Pete, his tame pack rat, nibbles at his supper in the corner, Bill Hawes relaxes in utter contentment and peace—one man who has found a clear-cut answer to the exasperating riddle of living.

Boys and Bumblebees

(Continued from page 23)

run off and left my gourd and told my daddy what I did, so he made me go back and get the gourd. When I got there, everyone of them bees was in the water in that gourd.

"Now, if anyone don't believe that, just try it. Fill a jug about a-third full of water and set it near a bumblebee nest and then stir 'em up. If ever'one that's able to fly don't go in that jug or gourd, I'll give anyone a ten dollar bill. They hear the roarin' noise and think it's in the jug."

Paddle 'Em Too

Mack Blocker, son of the late Bill Blocker, famous trail driver of early days, remembers that the boys in his day liked to fight bumblebees too—the age-old pastime of their fathers.

"We boys never would pass one up," he said, "no matter what we might have started out to do. We had been fighting 'em pretty regular, for there were lots of the things down there where we lived. We had fought 'em with brush and weeds and in every way we knew how. Finally, my brother said he'd figured out a better plan. 'We'll whittle us out some paddles,' he said, 'sort of broad on one end and a handle on the other, out of shingles or something light. Then, we'll all sit down right around the hole and bat 'em down as they come out.'

"It sounded logical to us, so we all got our paddles ready and found a big nest. We gave 'em the signal for trouble and out they came. Man, we sure batted 'em for awhile, and it was pretty successful till we broke our paddles. Split 'em right in two. The bees begun to outnumber us then and we *had* to run. We couldn't run fast enough to get clear away and I thought we were going to get stung to death. We did get stung pretty bad, but we made it back to the house and never did try that paddle business again."

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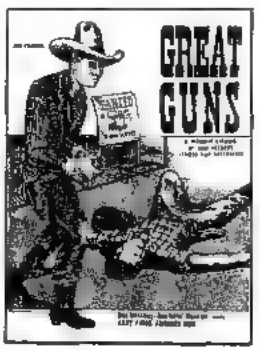

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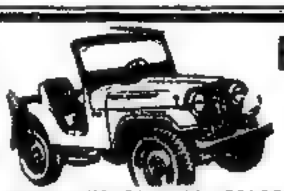

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The Robinhooding of Sam Bass

(Continued from page 10)

get to each leg and arm and one to his head and hold him steady. No matter how much he hollers, hold him till the doctor says quit."

Five men stretched out the wounded man while the doctor ran the silk handkerchiefs through the bullet hole. The sun was low when he finished. He said that he would stay through the night if there were anything more he could do but there wasn't. He would return if called. Now he had better ride in order to get through the Yegua bottom before dark. The leader asked how much he owed.

"I guess ten dollars will cover the bill," the doctor said.

The leader handed him a twenty-dollar gold piece, adding, "Doctor, I would be obliged if you'll not mention this day's work, where you have been, or what you have seen."

The doctor replied, "My patients and practice are private, and I make it a point to keep my mouth shut on personal matters."

He rode away, and as there was no further word he presumed that the wounded man got well. He had concluded that the leader was Sam Bass; descriptions in the papers following the killing at Round Rock confirmed the opinion. He believed in law and order and was against robbers, but had a sympathy for hunted Sam Bass.

ALMOST immediately after news raced over the country that Sam Bass had been betrayed to the Rangers by one of his own men named Jim Murphy and killed, the ballad of Sam Bass came into existence. Nobody knows who composed it. In years that followed, millions of longhorns were soothed on their bedgrounds and steadied on their long, slow trailing by the strains of the song. One line in particular expresses the sympathies of the singers:

Oh, what a scorching Jim will get
when Gabriel blows his horn.

Relic pirates went to chipping away the headstone that had been put up at Sam's grave in the Round Rock graveyard. Meanwhile, according to a minor legend, Sam Bass, like Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Bill Longley and many another outlaw, was not in his proper grave it all. There is no boundary to human credulity. Shelton Story, who as a boy found six twenty-dollar gold pieces in the pockets of Sam Bass's discarded saddle, so developed his power of memory that he got to recollecting this end to his hero:

"Not many days after the Round Rock trouble, I took the T. and P. train at Eagle Ford to go to Fort Worth. The minute I stepped inside the coach I noticed a man hunkered over in a seat by himself like he was sick. I took a close look and recognized Sam Bass. He was sick all right. In fact, he was dying from his wounds. I didn't say nothing. He didn't say nothing neither—not there on the train. When we got to Fort Worth I put him in a hack and drove him to a house out towards Grapevine—a house where we both knew he'd be safe. Blood poison had set in. He lived only two days. We buried him decently, and nobody will ever rob that grave. The man buried at Round Rock was just one of the gang. While he was dying he pretended to be Sam Bass in order to protect his leader."

No tales are more persistent than those about treasure Sam Bass is supposed to have hidden. If he did not bury his loot, what did he do with all of it? The records, I believe, don't show that he ever went to Llano County. Just the same, a big jag of Sam Bass gold wrapped in a canvas mailsack branded US was buried out there, they say.

Many years ago, a ranchman hired three Mexicans to cut cedar pickets on one side of Packsaddle Mountain. He camped them and left. It rained, and it was two or three days before he came back. Camp was deserted. He could not understand why the Mexicans would leave without getting their wages. He began looking around. The rain made sign easy to read. He found where six pickets—exactly six—had been cut and leaned up against a cliff. Two of them, as he read the sign, had pushed their way through a very thin wall into a small cave. Just inside the cave he found a piece of an old mail sack, the US brand still visible on it, prints of coins showing on it too. The Mexicans had taken the gold and lit a shuck.

There are plenty of other caves, especially in the Round Rock country, where Sam Bass's loot has not yet been found. There are still plenty of people who have a personal feeling for the character when they sing,

Sam first came out to Texas, a cowboy for to be
A kinder hearted feller you seldom ever see.

A millionaire can buy propaganda agents, a king can knight, a president can decorate, a pope can decree sainthood, but nobody but just folks can robinhood an outlaw. In order to get robinhooded, the outlaw must, like Jesse James, in the song, be "a friend to the poor"; he must be daring and gay; he must be merciful of life.

From "Tales of Old-Time Texas," published by Little Brown & Company. Copyright, c., 1955, by J. Frank Dobie.

Wyatt Earp's "Million Dollar" Shotgun Ride

(Continued from page 17)

incident, which wound up with big Jim chasing me out into the street. Cop or no, he'd have killed me if he could have caught me.

We reached the iron works and drove across the scale and into the yard while Wyatt went into the office to fetch the manager. The boss ordered two laborers to fill our sacks with iron bridge washers about the size of twenty-dollar gold pieces. The wagon was a sight when loaded and sure looked like it was carrying a million dollar cargo. Wyatt ordered me to ride tail-gate while he rode shotgun up front.

We cut quite a figure as we rattled over the cobblestones and bricks up North Broadway to Spring Street, with people ogling at us all the way and me yelling at the kids who ran behind. I was a sitting duck back there on the tail-gate, and some of them made me damned sore by throwing stones at me.

It occurred to me someone would beat hell out of both of us if they found out what was in those sacks. Earp remarked later that there was always some risk in this kind of dealing.

PANDEMONIUM broke loose at the bank. There had been skirmishes between police and bank depositors. As we neared the scene, I could see one man with his coat half torn off, another with

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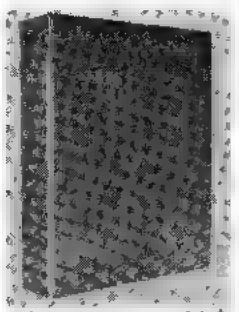

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a bloody nose. The line of depositors was moving like an angry, twisting snake. The doors of the bank had been shoved open and people were packed in a suffocating mass inside, shouting, crying and swearing. I never saw anything to equal it.

Earp had a big voice when he needed to use it—and now was the time. "Pull in here! Back these plugs up!" he shouted to the driver. Wyatt was standing up in the wagon and waving his big hat aloft to attract the police.

The sergeant saw him and came over—his face red and sweat standing out on his forehead. "What in hell you got in them sacks— money?" he yelled.

"About a million dollars!" Earp bawled back. "Now get these loco jugheads out of the way and tell your boys to pass the word that we've got a million dollars aboard and that any gent who thinks he can find a better bank to put his money into to go and find it. But he'd better be damned careful he don't get hit over the head and robbed while he's doing it!"

This news traveled from mouth to ear as all money matters do travel—real sudden. The crowd surged forward to take a look at that wonderful wagon, with its neat rows of sacks marked $10,000 on each one. It sure was a pretty sight to those worried people. The driver's eyes bugged from his head and he squirted tobacco juice real close to the goggle-eyed customers.

"Gangway! Make room!" So it went with the boys carrying in those precious sacks.

The wagon driver was about to confide the truth to a police officer when Wyatt reminded him that it was a short ride to the next life for people who told too much. The old boy was only too happy to cut his conversation and get up in that wagon and clack up his horses when the last sack was removed.

The sacks were being set up on the counters, quite a sight to those depositors. Some laughed, some giggled, some actually burst out sobbing, while others tended to the business at hand by shouting that they wanted to put their money back into the bank before they were robbed or held up.

"There they go," said Wyatt, "back to the windows. They're like sheep. Nobody would ever think to look into the bags up there on the counters. God help us if they do!"

"Open up more windows," ordered Mr. Hellman, a puzzled look of fear, anxiety, and happiness running across his coarse features. Earp went over to him and they took a sack into his office. When Hellman returned with Earp, he looked like a frightened rabbit.

Newsmen from downtown were on the scene now but learned nothing as to the miracle which was happening. The sacks of washers were ordered by Hellman to be put into the vaults pronto before any prying newsman got wise.

IN less than four hours the bank was back to a quiet, routine business. After it had closed, Hellman gave orders that the gold in the safe was to be left there until he ordered Earp and me to come get it—about two weeks later.

"Tell me, Mr. Earp," said Hellman, "where in heaven's name did you ever get such an idea?"

"There is nothing original in the idea," said Wyatt. "It was pulled off in Wichita when the town suffered a lack of cattle trade during the Texas fever and the banks had their backs to the wall. But

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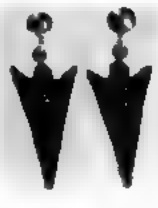

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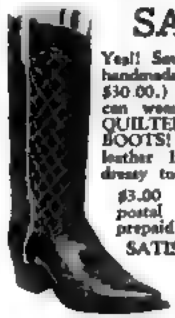

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instead of using washers in those days we used sand and poker chips. It is a matter of psychology. People only believe what they can see and feel."

Wyatt and I took our shotguns and left them at my brother's place, called the Budweiser Saloon, on Sixth and Main. We stopped long enough to take a much needed drink.

"Well," said Wyatt, raising his glass, "I guess I'm growing old when I got to ride shotgun on a lot of bridge washers from an iron works just to convince a lot of damned fools."

Lost Breyfogle Mine Found?

(Continued from page 11)

He was surprised by Indians and for some strange, still unexplained, reason taken captive instead of being killed.

Charles Bennett, the original locator in Pahrump, who ran a trading post there dealing mostly with Indians, heard about Breyfogle's captivity and managed to talk the chiefs into releasing him.

Breyfogle accordingly was brought into Bennett's store. He was little more than a living skeleton clad in rags and covered with sores, bruises and had a hatchet wound in his skull. He couldn't tell a coherent story. He still had his goldstudded ore and left a couple of pieces with Bennett in partial payment for the storekeeper's aid. Bennett, in after years, felt certain Breyfogle had attempted to tell him the location of the spot where he had picked up the fabulous pieces but couldn't make his foggy memory focus.

But this undoubtedly is where the famous legend of the "Lost Breyfogle" started.

Shortly after this, Bennett sold his Pahrump post and ranch to Aaron Winters, the discoverer of the Death Valley Borax formations which he had sold to Wm. Coleman. The former trader moved to Ensenada where a short-lived boom was under way. When it collapsed he settled on a ranch on Todos Santos Bay where he lived out his life. His sons were still living there recently and recalled all of the details of the Breyfogle matter as they had been told by their father. However, Bennett's departure from Pahrump undoubtedly deprived all the scores of future searchers for the lost Breyfogle bonanza of the best font of information on the subject. Consequently they wandered all over vast areas of desert and built up scores of rumors which were at complete variance with facts.

THE next sequence in the factual tale came from the original Yount ranch, known as The Manse (still standing on the Pahrump highway). It had been the scene for centuries of Indian ceremonial affairs and the Younts were wise enough to allow the natives to continue this practice, since they came by hundreds at harvest season and helped get in the crops.

The squaws assisted the women on the ranch and became very friendly, relating tales of their childhood and other tribal lore. One of their stories was about the time when they were children and the braves brought back a captive white man. They told how the tribal youngsters were allowed to play with the captive making him ride around on all fours and prodding him with a stick to make him buck horse-fashion. The Indian women recalled that they thought this was fine sport. They related though, that one day when the captive was either too exhausted or rebelled at the rough treatment of the youngsters, he refused to buck. It was then one of the Indian boys cracked him in the head with a hatchet and "made him very sick."

During his captivity, Breyfogle had shown the Indians his samples and tried to barter for his liberty by promising to lead them to where he had found them. The Indians remembered that he had indicated the location was on the west side of the Charleston Mountains, on the flank of Mt. Stirling.

The head of the family, Joe Yount, had been one of the discoverers of the Boss and the Columbia mines at Goodsprings in 1868 and was no stranger to the value of the earth's riches.

This information from the Indian women tallied with what the Younts had learned from Bennett and they decided to grubstake a search and sent two of Joseph Yount's sons, Sam and Bill, with Ben Hamilton, an old-time mining man who lived at the ranch, to see if they could locate the rich mine.

Right where the Indian women had said Breyfogle had told the tribe, they found extremely rich gold outcroppings and filed on the discovery, naming it the North Bell. The discovery brought on one of the most concentrated gold rushes in early southern Nevada history.

The Younts weren't restricted in their operations. Long before discovery of the North Bell they had acquired timber rights and built a sawmill in the Charleston range. They supplied timbers for the mines at Rhyolite, Vanderbilt and Greenwater in Death Valley, and of course for the Johnnie operations. Better than that, the horses and mules hauling supplies and ore to these far-flung camps required hay. When "Shorty" Harris made his famed Bullfrog strike which grew into Rhyolite, the Younts were fortuitously prepared—they had a four-year crop of alfalfa stored on the ranch. It sold for fabulous prices which made returns from even the North Bell seem like low grade ore.

IN the latter part of the century the Younts sold the North Bell to Bob and George Montgomery, prominent operators at Rhyolite, Skidoo and other southern mines. They installed a sixteen-stamp mill to work the ore and sold the North Bell to the Church of Latter Day Saints which installed Sam Godfrey as superintendent. After working the mine for some time the church sold it to a Mr. Johnson of Los Angeles.

All of this information is recalled well by James Fisk, formerly prominent in southern Nevada mining at Goodsprings and other locations, who now lives in San Bernardino. He built one of the mills at the North Bell in 1898 and later served as master mechanic of the operation.

The North Bell produced well for more than thirty years and Fisk feels that its ore bodies could be worked at rich profit again in the event of restoration of a free gold market.

Many, many stories have been told and scores of searches made for the "Lost Breyfogle," but none of them come close to checking and cross-checking with facts as they do in this story about how the Younts found the mine by following the leads offered by their Indian friends.

One thing is very, very certain—those Palute squaws who told the women of the Yount household about the white captive of their childhood hadn't had their memories distorted by any of the wild tales concocted by imaginative authors, be-

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cause they hadn't been subjected to the white man's schools and couldn't read.

Until somebody comes up with a better documentation, I'll accept the facts related above.

From the Las Vegas Review-Journal

Kickapoo Horse Race

(Continued from page 14)

buffalo chips. As the flames grew, the Indians formed four huge rings around the big fire. Teen-age girls, holding hands, formed the inner ring and began dancing to the right; young braves, joining hands, formed a second ring and moved to the left; women, hands interlocked, made up the third ring and danced to the right; while the outer ring, all men, with locked hands danced to the left, with every Indian moving in perfect rhythm to the beat of four big yellow drums.

On and on the giant crowd danced and sang without a pause for two hours. As the bonfire grew dim and blue curls of smoke faded into the night, each Indian bowed to the Earth in profound reverence.

Now came the enchanting climax. A little campfire was started in each of the five hundred tepees at the same moment. As faint red lights glimmered through the tops of the tepees, the Indians in mass formation rose to their feet, humming a sacred chant, and strolled toward the tepees.

At the break of dawn each tepee was taken down, loaded on a travois or packed on a pony, and the Indians, full of peace and pleasant memories, started back to their native villages, many of them miles and miles away, yet every Indian old enough to know right from wrong was thinking of white emigration and what lay ahead. Little could they know what really would happen.

DURING the ensuing fifty years, more than a thousand treaties designed to respect and protect the American Indian from white man's encroachment were made—treaties of hope, peace and plenty. Treaties that meant no more protection to the Indian than a grain of dust floating on the ocean of time. Treaties that cheated, deceived, and drove the Indian from pillar to post; on and on to some rock-bound reservation on which not even a blade of grass would grow.

The old trails became lonely trails of blasted hope, dissolution, tears and tragedy. No longer did the Indian have a permanent place in which to hunt, fish and enjoy the freedom of the great outdoors. But one thing the Indian knew. He had never encroached on the land of another tribe, nor spoken ill of any white man who treated him fairly.

Like his father and forefather before him, he had danced and prayed on the barren prairie, in the timberland and on the mountain top. He had roamed the wildwood in peace and listened to the music of the wind and waterfall. Native instinct had taught him to watch the flight of the birds, the movement of the clouds, the moon, the stars and the growth of plant life. Of late, and with profound sorrow, he had watched great herds of buffalo break from peaceful grazing into a wild stampede and romp over the plains in fear of the paleface gun; yet in his heart was an undying desire for peace.

Day and night he had offered prayer to the Great Spirit and would pray on

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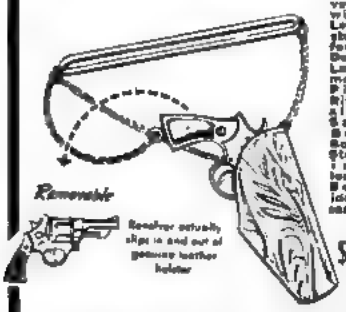

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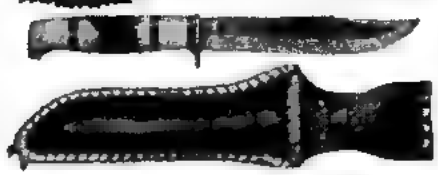

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and on, striving and hoping that some day the white man would respect the Indians' right of occupation, for he was a child of nature and the only true First American.

"The Cow Killers"

(Continued from page 27)

People, so that they came to loathe and hate him and to pray for some miracle of ill fortune to befall him.

At last it did, in such a manner to bring smiles of glee to all who had known him. He stole a horse that spoke English!

The horse was called "Shorty" by the gringos. He belonged to *La Comisión* but was the pet of the wild and laughing Wade Miller, who rode him on inspection trips into the mountains outside Villa Madero.

Wade liked to get drunk and startle strangers with the information that "I've got the only horse in Mexico that can speak English." Then when the strangers seemed doubtful, he liked to lead them out to the corrals and prove it.

HE would enter the gate and call to Shorty, and Shorty would come. He would then talk to Shorty and pat him and romp with him. And Shorty, more like a dog than a horse, would play with him.

Then Wade would say to the strangers, "Now, observe this," and turn to Shorty and say, "Shorty, you old son of a bitch!"

Instantly, Shorty would take exception to this gringo obscenity. He would lay back his ears in anger, bare his teeth, run at his master, and try to bite him and chop him down with his forefeet.

Shouting his wild laughter, Miller would escape by running and vaulting over the top of the corral rails. Then he would call back to Shorty and say: "Now, dammit, Shorty, I didn't mean it. I was just playing." And Shorty would forgive him and quiet down. And Wade Miller would turn to the strangers and say, "Is it not true that the horse speaks English?"

And how could one deny it?

The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney came to Villa Madero. He saw this demonstration and wished for the horse. But Miller had seen this one abuse horses as he did men. Miller refused; and when later he was transferred into a district where riding was unnecessary, he gave the horse to Tom Roberts, the one called *Patachica*.

Then *Patachica* went on leave to Texas. And in his absence and without his consent, The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney came for Shorty.

He cursed the one left in charge of the horses for informing him that *Patachica* had left orders that no one was to ride his horses while he was gone. He went into the corral and roped Shorty, who was not accustomed to being roped and jerked around like a *bravo*. The Man was rough in slipping the bridle bits into Shorty's mouth and rougher in his manner of saddling, so that, when he mounted, Shorty was nervous and reared.

And that is when The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney made his mistake. He swore the wrong gringo oath. He said, "Why, you Goddam son of a bitch!" and struck Shorty across the head with his quirt.

Which angered and frightened Shorty so that he reared higher, so high and so far that he fell to the earth backward, slamming his rider against the earth, then rolling across him.

The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney was not killed, but it was only through God's own mercy and no fault of Shorty's. Man and horse arose from the corral dust at about the same time. With ears laid back and yellow teeth gleaming viciously, Shorty chased his rider across the corral and saw him dive to safety between the corral bars, in spite of the size of his sagging belly.

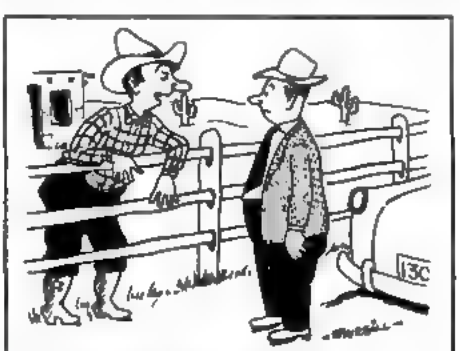
And never again would Shorty even so much as allow The Man Who Smokes Like a Chimney to enter the same corral with him, no matter whether he spoke English or Spanish.

To see a hated *matavaca* brought to justice in such a manner by a mere horse was an experience to lift one's spirit and made a tale that lost none of its savor by repeated tellings in the cantinas of Villa Madero.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 8)

back in the Dark Ages sounding off. Surely we'll probably never know *all* the truth but there's nothing I can see that keeps us from learning what little we can, if the truth makes us free as the Bible states. Then we become free only to the amount of truth we can absorb. Surely you'll never please everyone. The truth oft times is hard to believe even when we see it in operation. Some people don't want to see it; some just naturally don't like to admit it. But the vast majority will absorb some truth in time to take up your chaps another notch, Joe, and try'er again. Now and then I notice you have some doubting Thomases regarding your lost mine and treasure stories. Now I wouldn't be too sure they're all a bunch of organic matter. For the past twenty years I've been prospecting several of the northwestern states. Naturally I take a keen interest in lost mines. It's my opinion that probably sixty per cent or better of these stories are authentic. Some are hidden by nature, some by men who found them. Some are small rich pockets in ancient channels; some are in hard rock dikes and ledges, which takes plenty money and know-how to handle. But the gold or silver metal is there nevertheless. I have found two in Idaho. Not very large pockets, but heavy nugget gold and could be even richer than I think. But the idea is, the deposits are there. One was hunted for years. The strange part is the many differing stories I heard were all similar in effect. The gold from one I found assays the same as gold the Indian sold forty-five years ago. Yet I can't prove either to be the lost mine the Indians took gold



"Nope, we never have a Doctor . . . we just die a natural death!"

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from, because they are all dead years ago and they forgot to tell relatives exactly where the location was. I took a good look at the gold the Indian had sold this man. Got the lay of the country this Indian supposedly hunted mountain goats in from a grandson. Got myself a reliable long range gold-silver locater, walked sixteen miles and spotted it right on top of a high mountain in an ancient channel. Just how that river came to be 6,000 feet up in the air, I'm not too sure. I never saw it happen but the rest I can vouch for. So I say before we brand this lost mine stuff organic, let us get a line on the country it's supposed to be located in. Then study up on geology a little. Get a reliable long range metal locator, learn by experimenting just how to operate this locator and go investigate a few of the stories. I'm sure some will turn out better than we think they will. The only things I can see wrong with your magazines are, they're not quite large enough and should come out every month but they, of course, will all come out okay in time. I, myself, would like for you to pour out some more lost mine stories. I'm going to try to check on a couple more this coming summer. So if you have any more info on that subject, let'er roll. It isn't the gents that found any chips (?) in these deposits I'm interested in, it's the metal they found. So straddle that old hoss Truth again, Joseph, and fan 'em to a finish even though you have to "pull leather" now and then, and you'll come out top hand winner in the long run. Here's the best of luck to you. Stay with it!—James A. Monroe, 6712 25 Avenue N.W., Seattle 7, Washington.

Thanks, J. A.! We'll stay with 'em until they beat our bellies blue! Yep, the mags will be thicker and better and more often after a little time.

Answers to Dr. Webb's question on the "Fifth Chain"

Dear Dr. Webb:

It doesn't often happen that I can—or think I can—tell a college professor something he doesn't know, and it is less often when I find *two* uninformed professors at once. Sorta like getting two bears lined up together in my sights.

This business of uninformed professors has to do with your request for information about the "fifth chain" in *True West* for April, 1958. First, I'll give some of my own recollections and then I'll cite the little documentary material I've found.

Forty and fifty years ago, the perennial question of new schoolmarms in our corner of the West was "*What* is a fifth chain and *why* is it the fifth chain?" My dad, who teamed and freighted as sidelines to ranching, could answer the first part of the teacher's question, but he was stumped by the "why" part. But he was not more stumped than the teachers when he showed them that, in hitching a long team, he might use two or more fifth chains but would not use a "first, second, third, fourth or sixth" chain. He could explain the uses of stay chains, draft chains, breast chains and stretcher chains in hooking up long-line teams, but he was treed as the schoolmarms by the numerical designation of the "fifth" chain.

Now for the documentation, meager as it is:

The first edition of the old *Century Dictionary of the English Language* defines "fifth chain" as the "tug or chain

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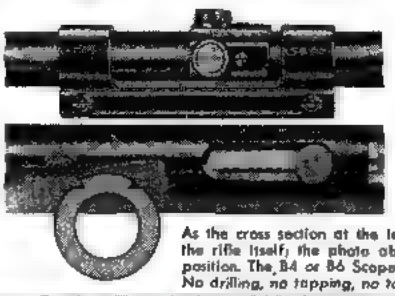

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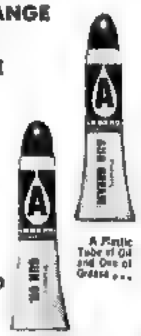

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which connects the leading horse with the pole when five horses are used as a team." There are no entries in that old dictionary which designate chains as "first," "second," etc.

A Dictionary of Americanisms, edited by Dr. Mitford Matthews, carries almost identically the same definition for "fifth chain": The chain by which the single lead horse in a team of five is hitched to the tongue."

Judged by those definitions, I think it's more than a guess that the fifth chain, in the beginning, was the fifth horse's chain, later called "fifth's chain" and finally, "fifth chain."

With the opening of the Santa Fe, Chihuahua and other freight trails in the West, modifications and improvements had to be made in freighting outfits—wagons, harness, and other equipment. Wide-tired Conestoga wagons, drafty Conestoga horses and other things suited to the boggy roads through Eastern woods had to be replaced by vehicles and stock suited to the high, dry plains and deserts west of the humid prairies.

Three and five animal "spike" teams were left to the clodhoppers and sodbusters of the prairies and backwoods, while "grass freight" moved westward behind many-yoke teams of "bulls" (oxen) and "corn freight" moved faster behind many-span teams of mules and horses.

Some things were modified in use rather than in form. One of those things was the fifth chain. Now, instead of being "the chain by which the single lead horse in a team of five is hitched," it becomes the chain to which any span (pair) of swingers or leaders may be hooked in a team of six or more animals. (Wheelers and leaders are hitched to the tongue in a two-span team; wheelers and pointers are hitched to the tongue in a three-span team. The leaders of a team of six [three span] are hooked to the end of the tongue by a fifth chain. Swingers are the animals in any span between the pointers and leaders and are often designated as the "sixes, eights, tens," etc., up to the "eighteens" of a twenty-animal team or the "thirties" in a team of sixteen span.)

The fifth chain was a tool in the trade of the long-line skinners of the freight roads, the mines, logging camps and ranches. It was not used by stage drivers, whose "driving" was a profession apart from the teamsters' "skinning" and "bullwhacking."

The usual features and dimensions of a fifth chain were welded links of about half-inch iron or steel to make up a length of about ten feet with a hook at one end and either a plain round ring or a pear-shaped ring (called a Jew's harp by teamsters) at the other.

Fifth chains probably were used by bullwhackers (drivers of oxen) but it is my impression that bull chains (ox chains) were made heavier. A few old-timers still lived to tell kids of my age stories about bull teams, but—with the exception of logging teams—the days of the yoke and oxbow were past when the twentieth century and I were born.—W. I. (Bob) Robertson, P. O. Box 335, Carson City, Nevada.

Dear Joe:

If you will try to read this turrible writing, we will try to get Dr. Webb off the barrel about his bullwhackers and the fifth chain.

Now I am seventy-nine years old, but my father engaged in freighting during the 1880-90 period and I learned how to handle oxen as a boy. Now for the fifth chain. First, each yoke of oxen had a chain just long enough to reach from their yoke to the yoke of the team behind them. So on back of the team just ahead of the wheelers; then from that team, there was a chain long enough to reach the front axle of the lead wagon. The hounds of the wagons (front) formed what was called the fifth wheel. When the teams were not in motion this long chain slacked till it lay on the ground. Then, when the teams commenced to move out, the chain kicked up slack or tightened, so there you have your fifth chain.

There was another chain running from the front of the lead wagon to the front axle of the trail wagon. We used only two wagons regardless of how many teams were used. More wagons would be impractical. I hope this will answer the question okay. If I can answer any more questions, please send them to me.—A. A. McCutchan, Box 44, Eufala, Oklahoma.

Well, thanks a million, Bob and A. A. That durn fifth chain got to haunting us in our sleep at night! We're mighty happy that the question is finally squared away in such fine fashion.

Excerpts from Letters Written to Joe on his Discussion with Russell Pace

Howdy, You-All:

Now Joe, that's a right kindly attitude you've taken toward Mr. Pace's burning gripe.

Chalk up my vote for tops: "Mi Ashe Ton Gaxas," "Chicken at Midnight," "The Hole in the Wall," "The Lost Breyfogle Mine," "Pearl Diving Cowpoke," "Some Shootin'," "Whiskey, Skunks and Rattlesnakes," "County Seat War," "Mystery Man of Mullet Island," "Riddle of the Redfield Robbers." Then for the chaser "Wild Old Days" can give you a lift or a laugh. And don't forget "The Cow Killers!"

Norm's handling of that there "Death on the North Plains" is some mighty fine word painting, but he might not look good wearin' an orchid.

Bein' an Eastern tenderfoot an' all, probably Cuzzin Russell ain't never saw how green the pasture is in our part of the world. Ain't no one ever told him that there weren't no movie shows in them days? Nor soda fountains in the corner drugstores?

Life got mighty borin' for them guys singin' lullabies to the south ends of critters goin' north, so they had to break the monotony some way. The *practical joke* was a way of life on the frontier.

Look at the "doozy" Big Casino played on Little Casino! Then they was the gang of young waddys took a tenderfoot on a snipe hunt one moonlit night—how could *they* have known there was

"Who . . . US?!!"

LICENSED TO [illegible] PRODUCTION

a war party of Osages scoutin' the brush? Proved one thing: a scared tenderfoot can outrun an Osage war party with one leg in a gunny sack.

Cuzzin Russell wouldn't be screamin' for more gunslingers if he'd hadda live in them days!—V. B. Ogburn, 2622 Dunkeld Place, Denver 11, Colorado.

Dear Norm and Joe:

I've just been reading your "Truly Western" column tonight and noted with interest the exchange of comments going on with Mr. Russell Pace. Since you asked for readers' comments on the matter, here is mine.

Gunfighters *do* stir the sense of vicarious adventure for this well-ordered and soft-living generation, but we can get them in other magazines. Where else can we get a picture of actual day-to-day life in the Old West if *you* don't print it? I found more genuine interest in one of your recent stories about sod houses on the plains ("Sod House Frontier," by Samuel O. Sisco, Jan.-Feb., 1958, TW) than in anything I've read in a long time.

Now, when the roof of our cabin leaks and we pick our way among the pots and pans setting on the floor, furniture and beds. I can stand the strain and think of those poor housewives in the soddies, and have tremendous admiration for the unknown thousands of families who built the West. By all means, let's have more of this type of article.

People like Mr. Pace remind me of children who want to lick the frosting off the cake and ignore the fact that the cake must be there to hold the frosting up.—Chris Riker, Buck Meadows, Sierra Nevada Mts., California.

Howdy, Joe:

Thank heavens the Western fan had generally a wider variety of tastes (and a broader mind) than reader Russell Pace, who shows his personality clearly in his letter printed in the "Truly Western" section of the April TW. It is too bad a man allows his interest in one particular facet of the Old West to create a narrow-mindedness and intolerance toward all other facets of this exciting period in our history.

Friendly controversy makes enjoyable reading. When it passes the bounds of courtesy and consideration toward another's point of view, it becomes repulsive. Keep *True West* as it is.

"Outlaw Exterminators, Inc." by Tom Bailey in the April issue was one of the finest articles it has been my pleasure to read in a long time.

As advertisers, we're proud to be in *True West* and *Frontier Times*, but we're prouder still to be your readers and friends.—Chief Blackhawk, Box 564, Kennewick, Washington.

Well, that's the way the reader poll has been running. Space prevents our publishing more letters written in response to Mr. Pace's views, as expressed in TW and Joe's answer to same, but out of the batch we've received virtually all have been in favor of retaining the magazine as it is. Several writers disagreed on minor points, but NONE went along with Cuzzin Russell in his request to change TW to an all gunslinger magazine. We figured we knew for sure just what the result of the poll would be, but it's mighty nice to be REassured! Thanks again, folks, for taking the time and trouble to write in and back us up. Ain't nothin' nor nobody ever goin' to change us now!

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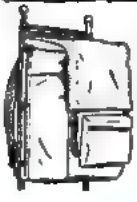

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

HIGH ADVENTURE

The Texan-Santa Fe Pioneers (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) is by Noel M. Loomis, the well-known novelist and a past president of the Western Writers of America. He became intrigued with the Santa Fe Expedition while doing research for one of his novels many years ago. This is his first nonfiction book and a tremendous amount of research went into the writing of it. George Wilkins Kendall's *Narrative Of The Texan Santa Fe Expedition* (New York, 1844) has long been the standard reference book on the subject —the first and the seventh edition (containing the Thomas Falconer diary) are both eagerly sought by collectors. Kendall, an experienced newspaperman from New Orleans was strangely quiet on two questions—(1) Was the expedition an attempt at military conquest of Mexican Territory (the Republic of Texas claimed all territory east of the Rio Grande River to its source in present day Colorado)? or (2) Was it an attempt to establish trade with Mexican Santa Fe to help the depleted treasury of the Republic? Noel answers these questions but his answers will not be revealed here —this is a book for you to read and study, history told in an interesting style. The appendices—well over a hundred pages—reveal the results of dedicated scholarship and the co-operation of many librarians, historical societies and individuals. A must for anyone interested in the Southwest.

H. E. Langford's *Vigilante Days And Ways* (Montana State University Press, $6) is a distinguished reprint with a new introduction by Dorothy M. Johnson of the Journalism faculty of the University. Langford was an active participant in pioneer doings in Montana and spent a quarter of a century in research on the Vigilantes before publishing his book in 1890. It has long been regarded as the most complete of the several Vigilante books and as a Montana classic. Miss Johnson's new introduction is highly informative and readers will have a much better understanding of the life in *Vigilante Days* after reading it.

RANGE AND RODEO

The Rawhide Tree (Clarendon Press, $5) by Cleo Tom Terry and Osie Wilson is a matter-of-fact yet highly entertaining life story of the Rodeo star, Florence Reynolds. Mrs. Reynolds saw and was part of the transition from the Wild West Show to rodeo and she lived and worked with her husband on the old 101 Ranch. This is the story of bronc-busting, of the dark days of the '30's, the famous Huntsville (Texas) Prison Rodeo, and of rodeos—large and small—on the Circuit. The book is illustrated with some good action photos and with some top drawings by Harold Bugbee Worth the money.

Frank Goodwyn's *The Black Bull* (Doubleday, $3 95) is a fine, satisfying tale of Southwest Texas range life It is based on an old Mexican legend. The cast of characters is completely Mexicano, completely cow country, and entirely wonderful. These are the kind of folks that Dr. Goodwyn grew up with on the great King Ranch. His father was the foreman and only Anglo on the Norias Division of the Ranch. The author has utilized the country of his boyhood as an authentic setting for the action. He is professor of Spanish at the University of Maryland, and an active member of Washington Westerners. Bill Loechel, another member of the Washington Westerners, did the drawings for the chapter headings and the real good drawings that add to the enjoyment of the book.

AMERICAN WHITEFACES

It has been over thirty years since the last American Hereford cattle history appeared in book form. Hence the excellent new book, *The Hereford In America,* written and published by Donald R. Ornduff, Kansas City, Missouri ($7.50), is a fulfillment of a long overdue need. Don is one of the best authorities on American Herefords, having started on *The American Hereford Journal* staff in 1930, becoming managing editor in 1934 and editor in 1944.

The major American Hereford development has occurred since 1925 when the last history was written by former *Hereford Journal* editor, John M. Hazelton. Less than 1,500,000 Herefords were on the books then compared to 10,000,000 head at present.

Herefords outnumber, by far, any other single breed of American cattle and are found in all states. Their excellent rustling qualities and ability to convert grass to beef quickly made them sought after by pioneer American ranchmen who used them to breed off slab sides and cat hams from Longhorn cattle that formerly made up the western herds.

The breed originated a little over 200 years ago in Herefordshire, England, when Benjamin Tompkins began the systematic breeding of Herefords. The American statesman, Henry Clay, brought the first Herefords to America. He delivered these cattle to his farm in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1817, and used them in a crossbreeding program with Durhams.

Ornduff's book carries an immense amount of detail about the breed's development in America, including the foundation work by such forward looking breeders as Gudgell and Simpson of Missouri and Hazlett of Kansas and many others. There's the romantic history of the great herd sires that put the breed into an enviable position, such as, Anxiety 4th, Prince Domino, Beau Blanchard and Hazford Rupert and dozens more.

Don has given broad coverage to the truly American Hereford, the purebred polled or hornless Hereford that originated here in the 1890's. Warren Gammon and son, of Des Moines, Iowa, were probably the first purebred polled Hereford breeders. Today there are over 100,000 head recorded in the Hereford Registry.

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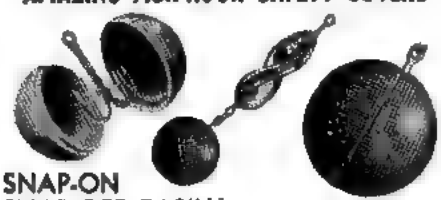

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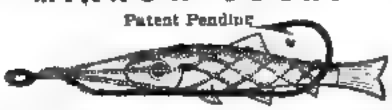

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generous appendix containing the blue ribbon winners since 1893, Register of Merit Sires and bloodlines and prices. This is a must for Hereford breeders, Agricultural Colleges, libraries, and collectors of books on the cattle trade.

INDIANS

The history of the little known Bannock Indian tribe is presented in the provocative, easy-to-read book, *The Bannock of Idaho* (Caxton, $5) by Brigham D. Madsen.

The Bannock are a branch of the northern Paiute, who bravely resisted the invasion of white man into their tribal land. A haughty and turbulent tribe they preyed on emigrants from Fort Bridger in Wyoming to the Humboldt Sink in western Nevada until General Connor's California volunteers, in 1863, defeated a combined Bannock and Shoshone-force at Bear River. Thereafter, the tribe became more peaceful, signed the Treaty of Fort Bridger in 1868, and settled on the Fort Hall Reservation. They resented reservation life, claiming that farming was squaw's work and vigorously rejected early attempts to civilize them until cattle raising was introduced

Illustrations are by artist Maynard Dixon Stewart, namesake of the famous western artist, Maynard Dixon.

The Black Dog Trail (Christopher, $3) by Tillie Karns Newman, is about two Osage Indian chiefs—Chief Black Dog 1st and his son Chief Black Dog 2nd. These two Indian benefactors made the Osages the wealthiest Indian tribe in the country. It was the older chief who promoted Black Dog Trail which the Osages used for hunting and mourning parties. He directed the building of a race track for the young braves to develop speed and endurance. He taught humility and asked his people to seek guidance from *Onakondah*, the Great Spirit.

STILL A BARGAIN!

This Is The West (Rand McNally, $6) edited by Robert West Howard for the Chicago Corral of the Westerners was reviewed some months ago in this column at the time it was issued in wraps by The New American Library at 35c. We called it a top western book and the biggest bargain in years. It is still tops and still a bargain as now issued in attractive gilt decorated cloth—for numerous illustrations including a dozen by Remington and six by Russell have been added. Highly recommended.

Half an Inch of Dirt

(Continued from page 7)

rider, Shonsey loosened his gun in its holster and waited for developments. The stranger stopped his horse within ten feet of him.

"Hello, Mike!"

"Hello, Dud. I heard you threatened to kill me on sight."

With the words, Shonsey whipped out his six-shooter.

"No, hold up, Mike. I never said no such damned thing!"

Uncertain, Shonsey lowered his gun. It was all the break Champion wanted. He drew his gun—but Mike drilled him as he cleared leather. Wounded, Dud started to fall from his horse as Shonsey fired twice more in rapid succession. Champion hit the ground hard, landing on his head and right shoulder.

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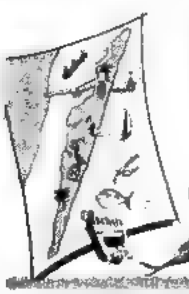

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Shonsey jumped off his horse. Champion tried to raise up to shoot, holding his gun with both hands and straining every muscle to pull the trigger. Coolly, Mike pumped another slug into the wounded Champion, then leaped back on his horse and rode away.

This rapid action had taken place in front of the astonished Mathews. The two cowboys had dropped behind as Dud loped ahead and were just approaching the scene as the shooting started. At the sound of the first shot, they put spurs to their horses and took out hell-for-leather. Mathews dropped to the ground on his knees beside the dying Champion.

"Take my six-shooter and tell the boys Mike Shonsey shot me," gasped Dud.

"Are you hit in the head?" Mathews asked.

"No," Champion groaned, "he broke my back."

"Why didn't you shoot?" Mathews persisted.

Dud gasped out his last words: "I can't cock it! I can't cock it! I can't cock it!"

A coroner's jury met on the scene of the shooting, and James Rector, of Lusk, was asked to examine Champion's gun and extract the shells. Rector testified that he picked up the gun and found in the flange, between the cylinder and hammer, half an inch of dirt. It was packed very tight and looked as though the hammer had been snapped down on it. There were six loaded chambers. The gun could not be cocked because of the dirt, nor would the cylinder revolve until the dirt was removed.

Mike Shonsey had ridden to the 77 Ranch to tell his wife what had happened. Then he rode all night to Douglas, where he surrendered to Deputy Sheriff Harve Allen with the statement that he had shot Dud Champion in self-defense. Allen saw no reason for making an arrest, but Mike voluntarily remained in an unlocked cell until his story could be verified.

It was said that Dud was no match for Mike even if his gun had been in perfect working order. The local paper merely reported the man in the unlocked cell as "Mike Shonsey is in town and stopping over with friends." Dud Champion didn't get even a line.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

figger out what happened next."

Yeah, I could figure out what happened next. I could figure out a lot of other things too, and one of them was that I was a prize sucker! I looked at that big, fat, cuss layin' there in his bunk next to the stove waitin' for breakfast to be served, and I took another look at the box of dynamite caps on the shelf . . .

The obnoxious one departed soon after, plump posterior well swathed in bandages. What dermatologist attended him, deponent knoweth not. Neither, friends, did I give a damn! In any case, I never saw the fat slob again.

LOST TROOPER LEDGE

By ARTHUR JAMES STEWART

WITH the discovery of gold in the Big Horn Mountains in 1875, hordes of gold-seekers poured into the Indian lands. Of course, the inevitable Indian uprising against the white intruders brought the equally inevitable troops. As the uprising gained strength, troops poured in from Fort Reno, Fort Phil Kearney and Fort Laramie.

Among these columns advancing against the Indians, was one pursuing a small band of Sioux. A detachment was sent ahead to capture them, soon leaving the slow-moving main column far behind. Then, as often happened in Indian warfare, the detachment found that the small band of warriors had led them into a much larger force of Indians. Faced with great odds, the pursuers quickly became pursued.

At a point near Ten Sleep, Wyoming, the Sioux finally surrounded the detachment. The troops selected a small hill on which to make a stand. The Indians did not attack at once, but kept up a desultory fire. One trooper, lying in the protection of a large boulder, noticed that when the Indian bullets knocked pieces off a nearby ledge of rock, bright yellow gleams were disclosed.

Knowing he was in a gold-bearing region, the trooper wanted to get a good look at the ore but there were too many bullets flying. He was torn between love of life and the lust for gold—and the latter won. Cautiously he crawled to the rocky ledge—but just at that moment the Indians charged, and he was too busy pumping lead to even think of gold. The attack failed, and the Indians settled back to their former sniping tactics.

At dusk, the warriors got ready for another assault but—just like in the movies—the distant notes of a cavalry bugle were heard. With the approach of the reinforcements, the Indians fled. The beleaguered troopers joined in with the newcomers and continued the pursuit. The trooper who had seen the gold-bearing ledge had to go along with his company, but in his pocket he carried a bit of the yellow-gleaming rock. He had the sample assayed and learned that it was rich in gold.

Several years later, upon his discharge from the Army, he returned to Ten Sleep and tried to find the hill on which the ledge was located. Not being familiar with the section and not having seen it for years, he had no success. After his fruitless search, he drifted out of the section, but he told the story to another prospector. This man also searched for the gold-bearing ledge with no luck.

Since then, over the years, many others have tried their luck, but the rich gold ledge still awaits discovery somewhere in the Wyoming Hills.

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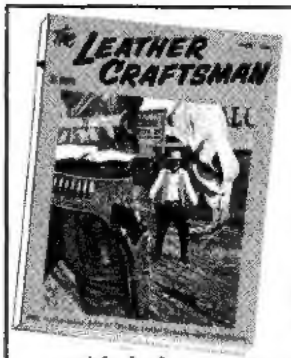

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A CHILD'S UNUSUAL PET

By OLA M. EVERHARD

Editor's Note: The following is a sample of the stories (some legend, some fact—many a mixture of both) the old-timers used to tell while sitting around campfires or after a good meal when the whole family was eager to be a part of this tops in old-time entertainment.

THE Roe family lived back up in the Arbuckle Mountains close to old Fort White Bead, where the timber was pretty heavy and the wild animals and snakes were more plentiful than people. "You all be careful a-goin' up in the mountains," the old-timers told Pappy. We lived on the only farm between the old Fort and Woodford. Indian Territory, near the Public Road, as we called the White Bead Road that once had been an Indian trail. Around us were ranches.

The mountainsides were rugged, full of big rocks, timber and ledges. The wagon road out of the mountains was rough and awful rocky, making travel slow and difficult. Mr. Roe and Beth, one of his little girls, always came by our house and stayed all night on their way to and from Ardmore with cotton or going trading. This pleased me so much because Beth was my age and we had lots of fun together. After leaving our house, they'd spend the next night at Rock Creek—a public campground halfway between our house and Ardmore. We would also stop there and eat dinner on our trips to town.

In the summer of 1896, Mr. Roe and Beth were spending the night at our place. Sitting out in the yard after supper, Mr. Roe said, "I want to tell you all what happened to one of my neighbors."

"How's that?" Pappy asked.

"There's a big family of children," Mr. Roe went on, "and one of them, a little girl about three or four years old, got so she wouldn't eat at the table with the family. When her Mammy would fix her food on her plate, she'd take it outside, sit in the chimney corner to eat, and then when she'd get through, bring her plate back into the house. This went on for quite some time until one day her Pappy said, 'I'm going out to see what she's doing in that chimney corner.'

"He slipped out, peeped around the corner of the house—and there she sat, feeding a great big rattlesnake! The sight scared her Pappy, but he was afraid to speak and afraid to try to kill the snake for fear it would bite the child. So he just kept quiet, and as soon as the little girl took her plate to the the house, he got his gun and found the snake and killed it.

"The little girl was heartbroken when the snake didn't show up for its next meal. Regularly after that, she'd get her plate, go out to the chimney corner, sit there and wait for the snake. When it didn't come to her, she wouldn't eat. Her Pappy and Mammy said it was the most pitiful thing they ever saw to watch her waiting for that snake and pining away. They took her to town and just bought her everything they could think of, but it didn't do any good. She died within a month."

"Lord-mercy, ain't that terrible!" said Pappy.

"Yes, it sure is," Mr. Roe replied soberly. "The folks said that snake had that child charmed, and that is the rea-

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THE LAST WAR PARTY, by Hugh A. Dempsey. Neither the Red Coats nor the Long Knives—nor even the fearful "Medicine Line" between their two countries—could prevent Prairie Chicken Old Man from leading his war party of fiery young Bloods on one last raid against the Crows. This is an authentic Indian story that YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!

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SANDHILLS TRAGEDY, by Bernice Chrisman. Children lost in the waste-lands—the dread fear of every pioneer family.

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WHEN PRESIDENT HARDING HONORED THE PIONEERS—it was a great day in Oregon!

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son she died after her Pappy killed it." Then, turning to us children who had been sitting quietly listening, he said, "You children be mighty careful about the snakes around your place here."

My! We all talked about that for days—how terrible it was. And you can bet we didn't let any big old rattlesnake get close enough to charm *us!*

THE SKUNK

By S. OMAR BARKER

Out West where cattle roam, the skunk
Is more admired than some have thunk.
Cowboys, of course, do not adore him—
In fact they principally ignore him.
But noting that he will not run
From danger, whether dog or gun,
For fearlessness and simple spunk,
They also hand it to the skunk!
His weapon, it must be admitted,
For self-defense is better fitted
Than tooth or claw, and though he uses it,
He never purposely abuses it
To steal, invade, or take possession
In any spirit of aggression.
But when there's trouble on the trail,
He simply stops and hists his tail—
A brave but peaceful buckeroo
Who *faces* danger hind end to!

Coming Up!

(Continued from page 3)

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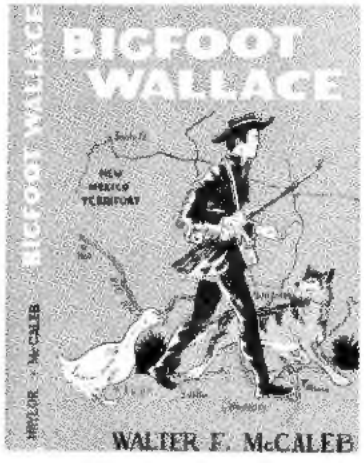

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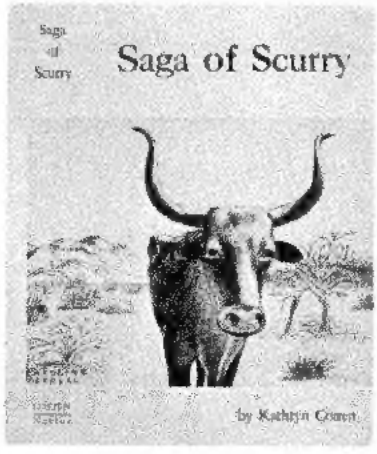

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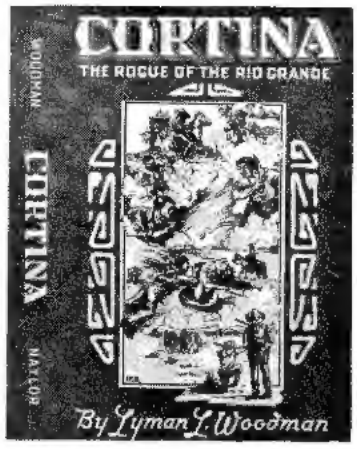

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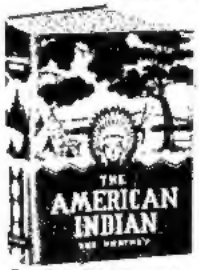

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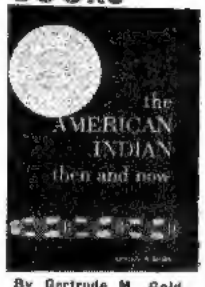

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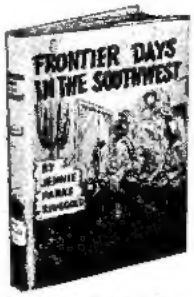

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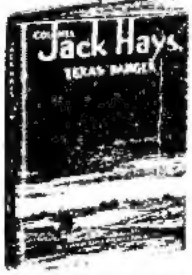

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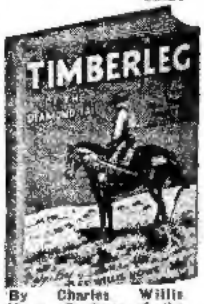

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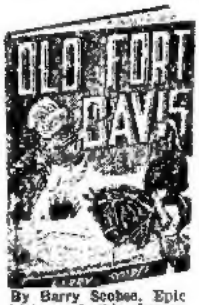

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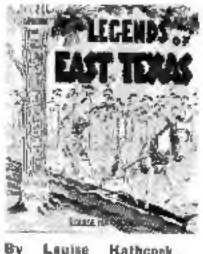

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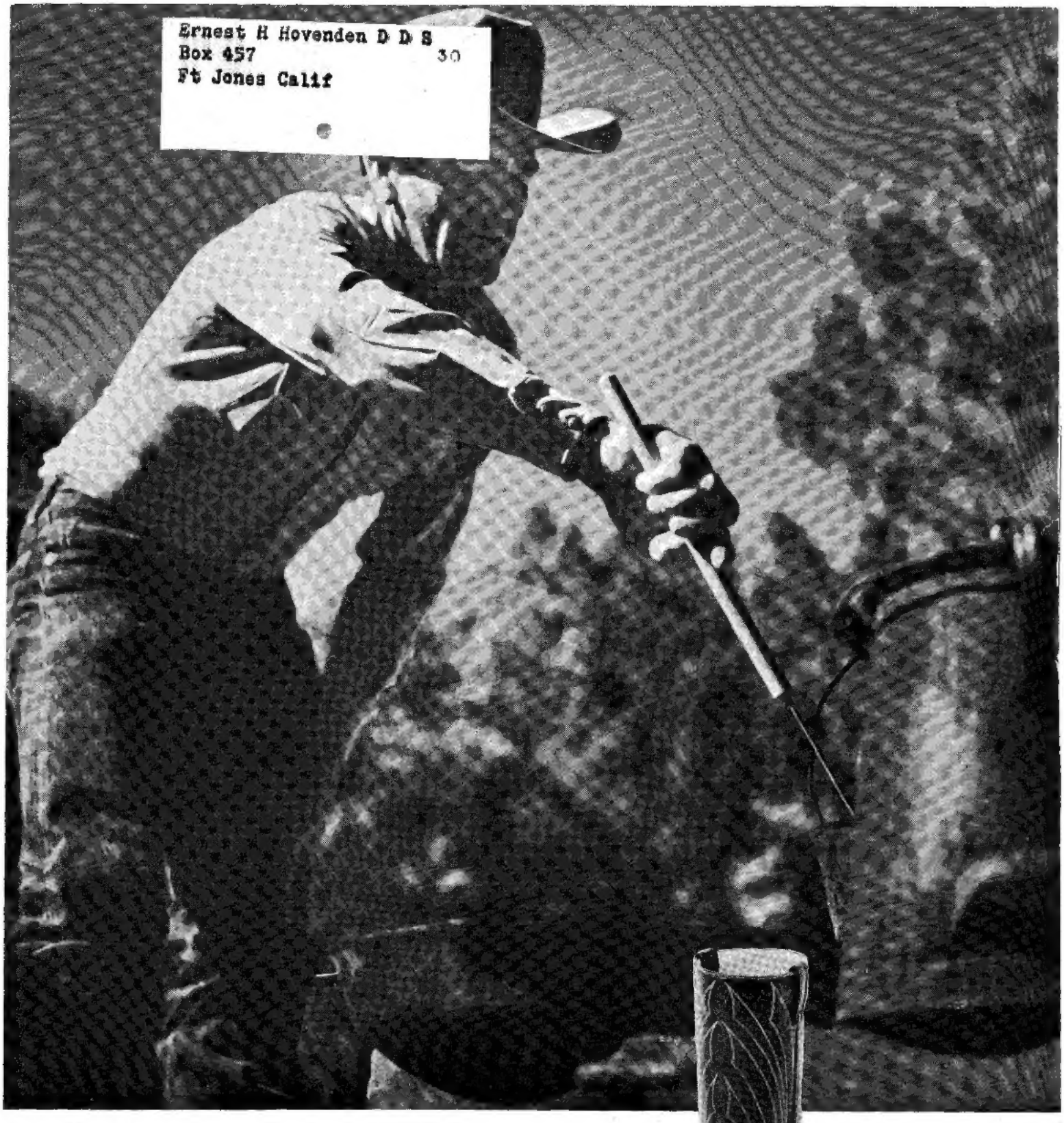

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